

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,

PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, ... 2.00.
Two copies, one year, ... 3.00.

No. 334.

CROQUET.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

The sun was low in the western skies
That beautiful summer day;
And I stood like a fool and looked in her eyes,
And didn't know what to say;
But she insisted 'twould be very nice
To have a game of croquet.

She wore the nobbiest sailor hat,
And was dressed in a white pique;
A white pique, with a blue lace that,
If her nose were retrousse,
You may take my word for it. (*verbum sat!*)
That she could play croquet.

And she seemed to take a malicious delight
In monopolizing the play.
She knocked my ball from left to right
In a most provoking way;
Till at length I remarked with a good deal of
spirit,
"Confound croquet!"

"You turn at last," she cried as she missed;
"For you are a fool, and I am a lady."
"Aha!" I shouted, "the balls have kissed,
Why should our *lissé*, Jennie, pray?"
A "glance shot" from her eyes and I caught
her wrist.
And gave her a—"tight croquet."

The sun went down in the western skies
The heavens were growing gray;
I sat in the shadow and looked in her eyes,
And I whispered (as you may surmise,)
Had nothing to do with croquet.

The Sword Hunters;

OR,

THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A Sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN,"
"LANC AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LIONS.

DURING the rest of the day the hunters remained in camp, and reposed their tired horses. Their people brought in the tusks of the elephants, and such choice pieces of the meat as Abou Hassan assured them were good. It was amusing to see in which the hungry savages scattered, when the stately Hamrau swordsmen approached the carcass to cut out what they needed. The Arabs paid no more attention to them than if they had been hyenas, and the negroes waited around respectfully till the brave hunters were served.

Only one man tried to be impudent. It was a very large, powerful negro, at work at the big bull. He kept on cutting when young Selim came near, seemingly trusting to the latter being a boy for protection. Selim came near where the big fellow was hacking away at one of the tusks, which had been left half cut out. The young Hamrau ordered him away as if he had been his servant, and the big fellow laughed in a sneering manner, and told him to "make him go if he could."

Manuel Garcia was coming up, gun in hand, to look at the tusks, which he had offered to buy of the Hamraus. Selim had his sword on his shoulder, and Manuel heard him say, quietly:

"Go, dog of a Galla, or I will leave you there in two pieces."

The big negro started up, spear in hand, shouting angrily:

"Try it then, little fellow, and see what will happen to you!"

Young Selim said not another word, but he ran to the negro. As he came, the big man sent his spear at him, and turned to run. But Selim, with wonderful dexterity, parried the flying weapon with his sword, bounded after his enemy, and overtook him in two or three steps. He made but one blow with his razor-like sword, and cut the negro right in half at the waist, so that the unhappy creature never spoke again. Then the boy calmly stooped and wiped his sword, and shook his hand at the frightened crowd beyond, as much as to say:

"Look out! I don't serve you the same way."

Manuel was shocked, but he could not help admiring the boldness and skill of the boy, and the Arabs took off the tusks of the elephant in silence, undisturbed by any of the other crowd.

By sunset, all that remained of the ten elephants was their bones; and crowds of men, women and children were trooping off to the hills, with huge loads of meat on their shoulders.

While our travelers were resting in camp, they learned a good deal about the game from the Hamraus. Abou Hassan told them there were elephants, rhinoceroses, and plenty of giraffes and antelopes, a little further up the river; and promised to show them a lake, where they should have all the sport they wanted.

Accordingly, during the day, they got their guns in order, and made ready for their trip; and, as soon as the sun rose next morning they were on their way to the lake. They made an easy journey of some fifteen miles through a country that grew greener at every step, and at sunset they went into camp at the borders of a beautiful lake surrounded by hills. Their camp was in a very pretty little wood, and the country was sprinkled over with copes of low, scrubby thorns, in the midst of real green grass, the first they had seen since leaving Europe, for everything in the country was burned up by the sun.

They could see that Abou Hassan was right. Herds of antelopes were feeding about in full view, like cattle, and the long necks of a number of giraffes were visible, here and there.

The animal squealed and reared up, only to be pulled back sharply by the self-possessed Bullard.



back with them, to encamp along with the generous white strangers. Manuel was very glad of this, for he wanted to see the Hamraus at home, and he knew that their presence would be a great protection from the thieving negroes of the country. These last had become a great nuisance, hanging around the camp to beg and pilfer what they could, and Manuel knew that they would not come around when the terrible Sword Hunters were encamped near them. So Abou Hassan left Hamet to show game, and rode off to his own people, whom he promised to bring back that night.

Curtis and Bullard went out soon after daylight with Hamet, seeing numerous herds of antelopes on the way, none of which did they disturb. The pretty creatures kept at a wary distance, but the hunters could watch their motions with a telescope to great advantage. There were many different kinds, of all sizes, from the tiny gazelle, with legs no thicker than a pencil, to the stately eland, with a body as large as an ox, the magnificent koodoo, with horns like corkscrews, at least four feet long, and the onyx, a large antelope, in shape much like a goat, but as tall as a donkey, with horns quite straight and very sharp. Then there was the sable antelope, as black as jet, with tanned points, the great roan antelope, and at least a dozen other kinds we have no time to mention. There were tall, graceful giraffes and sullen, lowering buffaloes, each kind in its own separate herds, feeding peacefully.

Bullard cared for none of them. He had come out to shoot a rhinoceros, and he was bound to have one, the more horns the better. He was not long in finding what he wanted, for the rhinoceros is an easy beast to hunt up. Before they had been out half an hour they saw two together, asleep under a tree at some distance. There was no cover all the way, and Hamet warned them that the rhinoceros has a remarkably keen scent. Therefore they had to ride round a long way before they got to leeward of the creatures, and slowly advanced toward them.

The rhinoceroses were both of the black, two-horned kind, considered the most ferocious of any, and known to the natives as the borele. They lay half asleep, with their heads turned to leeward, trusting to their noses to tell them of danger on the other side. But the sight of the rhinoceros is very poor, and he has a habit of shutting his eyes when he charges, so that our hunters anticipated little trouble in getting up to them. Hamet set them the example how to approach. The active Arab threw himself down alongside of his horse, with one arm around the animal's neck, and his leg over the saddle. In this manner he hung alongside of his horse, keeping the animal as a shield between him and the boreles. Bullard had often practiced this trick as a boy on the plains, and Jack had learned it during his trip to the estancia at Buenos Ayres. The two therefore imitated Hamet as well as they knew how, and all three advanced on their sleeping game at an easy walk.

The two rhinoceroses lay blinking and snoring, just like two pigs, and if they saw the horses, probably took them for antelopes of some strange kind, for the hunters would sometimes let the reins loose, when of course the horses would stoop their heads to graze. And so the whole approach had a very natural air.

At last they had arrived within about fifty yards, when Hamet gave the signal, and the three instantly started up in their saddles.

But instead of the boreles being frightened at the sudden apparition the reverse was the case. They saw it quick enough. Almost before the hunters were up, the rhinoceroses were on their feet. They came up on all four legs together, like an India rubber ball, and each uttered a sort of whistling squeal, something like a pig. And then, with an agility unexpected from their clumsy frames, both charged together at the hunters, full of fury.

"Look out, Pickle," shouted Bullard, and as he spoke he sighted the head of the left hand borele with his rifle. Crack! went the gun, and Bullard heard the sharp smack of the bullet in the beast's head. But the rhinoceros did not seem to heed it, for he charged more viciously than ever. Tom's horse spun round on its haunches like a top, and "put, like a streak," as "Plug" afterward observed.

Curtis fired a copper rifle shell into the other one, and saw it blow up on the beast's forehead. This was the female borele. But she did not seem to mind it any more than a musketobite, and Curtis' horse, with great prudence, followed Bullard as hard as he could tear. Jack did not fall off this time, a fact principally due to his being of the same mind with his horse, and turning with him.

And the two hunters, instead of putting their foes to flight, were just doing their level best to escape from the creatures they had started to kill. As for Hamet, he shied off to one side at the first onset, and the rhinoceros did not appear to see him, for they passed on after the boys. But no sooner were they by, than down swooped Hamet after the female borele, spurring his horse desperately, and drawing his sword as he went.

Jack turned one way and Bullard the other, with the boreles after them, the horses thoroughly frightened, and running their best. But the clumsy, piglike beasts behind gave them all the running they wanted for some minutes, before Hamet could overtake the cow borele. When he did, he made a tremendous cut at her hind leg, and divided the sinew fairly, making her hop on three legs. She did not appear to mind it, however, running nearly as fast as ever, and it was not till Hamet had made a second blow at the other leg, that she came to a stand.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BORELE.

THE application of the warm lion's skin cured

Manuel's bruises in twenty-four hours, but he had received a shock that took him some days to recover from. When he was able to mount his horse, it was several days after, and he did not care to go too near any more lions.

"I shall fire shells at them," he said. "They are sure to disable the beasts, and I shall keep at a safe distance."

Bullard and Curtis, however, had acquired somewhat of a contempt for the lions, for the animals did not come round their camp any more except at night. In the daytime, after their first battle, they could not see one. The beasts kept hid in close thickets, and were very scarce; for they seemed to have destroyed the principal family of the neighborhood; and one family is as much as most localities will support, in the way of lions.

But before Manuel was able to leave camp, Jack Curtis and Bullard had some pretty good hunting, and harried the large game of the neighborhood to some effect. The first day they went out Hamet went with them, for Abou Hassan and his brothers had gone to their own tribe, which they promised to bring

When she did, she dropped, for both legs were utterly crippled. At the same moment the other borele, which had been chasing Tom Bullard, suddenly caught scent of him. The beast had chased him in a semi-circle, till it had got to leeward, and caught a whiff for the first time. Instantly it stopped, gave a sniff of disgust, wheeled round and ran away. The same creature it had chased before became suddenly terrible when it was discovered to be a man.

No sooner was the borele off, than away went Tom after it. As he went, he crammed a fresh cartridge into his gun, and spurred his horse hard, to keep near the flying game. Curtis and Hamet both joined in, but Tom had the start by fifty yards, and was not twenty feet from the borele, when the brute turned. He had not much distance to make up, therefore, but it taxed his little horse to its utmost to do that much. However, by a vigorous dose of the long spurs, he managed to creep up to within ten feet, and further than that his horse would not go. The animal remembered the chase it had undergone before, and feared a fresh charge.

So Tom was forced to fire from where he was, or lose his game. He had a shell this time in his rifle, and he took a hasty aim behind the shoulder of borele, and fired. Clap went the ball into the tough hide, and then borele stopped short, quivered and shook, fell on its knees, rose again, and staggered along slowly, shaking its heavy head in evident distress. Tom had another cartridge in before the beast was fairly up, and sent a second shell into borele's body. That finished his business. As the second fearful missile exploded in the poor brute's lungs, it stopped again, trembled all over, and fell over on its side, dying. Tom was a merciful fellow, if he was a hunter. He reloaded with a steel-pointed bullet, jumped off his horse, and put the bullet into the dying borele's brain, to end its torments. Then Curtis and the Arab came up, and found him examining the body for the trace of bullets.

It was made quite plain why he had not killed the rhinoceros with the first shot in the forehead. The creature's head is a mass of solid bone, as hard as a rock, and the brain is very small and situated not far from the nose, where the monstrous shield of horn renders it perfectly invulnerable. A side shot is the only chance by which the brain can be reached, and then the shot is very difficult.

But it is easy enough to strike it in the lungs, and when an explosive bullet is used, even the tough rhinoceros, which will carry off fifty common balls and live, succumbs at once to the suffocating gases. And from that day forth, Tom never used anything else on elephants and other large game, for his experience with the rhinoceros had converted him entirely to the use of shells, which he had before condemned as unsportsmanlike.

"But when a fellow has to pin his life to his gun," remarked Tom to Curtis, "it don't do to be too particular; so well blow them all to Scratch for the future."

They cut out the horns of the two boreles with very little trouble. The horn of the rhinoceros is a very curious affair in this respect. It does not grow out of the bone like a cow's horn, but is simply stuck on to the skin in some manner, so that if you cut away the piece of skin, off comes the horn with it. They found it of very tough, fine horn, and solid all the way through. The borele has not such long horns as the great white rhinoceros, called the *kaobabu*. This beast is near as large as an elephant, and its horn is sometimes four feet long, and very white and clear. The white rhinoceros is a peaceful, timid beast, rarely charging, except in defense of its calf, and much slower of foot than the borele. The horns of both seem to be used to root with, like pigs, and they tear up strong, thorny bushes with them like tufts of grass, eating thorns and all, for the rhinoceroses have palates that are as hard as iron.

Our hunters returned home with their trophies, and tried some rhinoceros meat that night. It was uncommonly good eating and reminded them of veal. They found Abou Hassan's family or tribe, forty men, all told, with women and children, going into camp.

CHAPTER X.

TOM AND THE WILD ASS.

That evening the principal men of the little tribe of Sword Hunters were gathered around the camp-fire of our three friends. When I say the "tribe" of Sword Hunters, you must not think that they were all of the Hamraus, who are a powerful and numerous tribe. This was only the sub-tribe or band, to which Abou Hassan and his brothers belonged, and was composed of one single family, from the great grandfather, an aged Arab over a hundred years old, down to Abou Hassan and his brothers, and their children.

The old chief, or *sheikh*, as the Arabs call him, was a magnificent-looking old man, tall and erect as the youngest there, and riding his gray mare like a centaur. His descendants obeyed his slightest beck and nod as if it were a law, and the old sheikh was an absolute monarch in his band, without a rebel among them all.

Manuel and the boys were wonderfully taken with this stately old gentleman, with his long, snow-white beard and princely manner, who behaved as though he had been used to good society all his life. And so he was, for the nobler tribes of Arabs are all *gentlemen*, in the truest sense of the word—that is to say, always polite, hospitable, brave, generous, and kind to all.

It was interesting to notice how they all venerated the old man, listening to every word with respect, and not contradicting. He, on his part, was very kind to every one, and seemed especially fond of children.

The boys found him a perfect mine of information on hunting, for Sheikh Haroun Abd-el-Kerim had wielded a sword in the chase over eighty years before, and knew every bush in the country.

His name—Haroun Abd-el-Kerim—signifies "Aaron, servant of the Merciful," and all the Arab names have a signification, except the proper names, such as Hamet, etc.

Hassan means John, Hamet is a variety of Mohammed, Abdallah means "Servant of God," Selim is a variety of Islam, or the "Chosen People," and most of our Bible names have Arab equivalents.

"Are there any beasts so dangerous, oh! sheikh?" asked Manuel, "that you cannot kill them with the sword?"

"Not one," said the sheikh, quietly. "If we can close with them they cannot escape. But some few, very few, are too swift for us."

"Ah, I suppose you mean antelopes!"

"No," said Sheikh Haroun. "We can come up with any antelope but one, after a hard chase. But the gazelle laughs at the speed of the horse, and the wild ass is even swifter. There is no horse can equal him, and he mocks at the best in our tribe."

Tom Bullard, who was listening, pricked his ears.

"How big are these wild asses?" he asked.

"As tall as a horse. Taller than mine," the Arab answered.

"Are there any here?"

"Nay," said Sheikh Haroun; "the wild ass loves the desert. The nearest place to find them is at the border of the desert, a day's journey from here. There is a troop of them, which come to drink at a spring, at the foot of a mountain there, and they have come since I was a boy. We have lain in wait for them many a time, but no man has been near enough to see the color of their eyes, though many have tried."

"Do you think I could catch one?" demanded Tom, suddenly. "I know I can; and if you'll show me where they are, I'll show you how to catch wild horses in America."

Sheikh Haroun did not answer for a minute. He was too polite to tell Tom he was a fool, but he thought it. In the first place he had never heard of a wild horse, for in Africa there are none except tame. And in the next place, he knew the swiftness of the wild ass to be prodigious.

"You are a stranger, my son," he said, presently, "and you do not know the wild ass. We have no wild horses here. You say you have them in your country, and of course you must be right; but they are not like our wild asses, or else your horses must be much better than ours. I will show you where they are, but you can do nothing with them, except perhaps to shoot them, and that would be foolish, for they are not made to eat."

"Well," persisted Tom, stubbornly, "if you will show me the place, I will promise you to ride a wild ass into your camp inside of ten days from the time I see them. You have shown us how you hunt, and now we will show you how we do the thing in Texas."

So it was settled that they should move camp the next day, for Tom was all on fire to catch a wild ass, and he felt confident that he could do it by practicing a plan used in Texas. What that plan is, you will perceive when you shall hear what Tom did.

Manuel and Jack were as incredulous as the old sheikh, till Tom explained the mode of doing things, and then they were as anxious to try it as he was, for they felt that, with such swift steeds to ride, they could catch anything in the country with ease, from the elephant to the swiftest antelope.

So the next morning they once more broke camp, and traveled all day long to the southwest, the country growing drier and more barren as they proceeded, till the afternoon brought them to the foot of the mountain the chief had spoken of, which was the extreme spur of a range, that thenceforward barred the green country from the Libyan desert. As they came in sight of the sandy plain below, Sheikh Haroun pointed to a clump of palm trees, and then to some moving dots on the plain.

"Behold the spring," he said. "The wild asses are coming to drink at it. They will come again in the morning. But you cannot catch them."

Tom drew out his telescope and inspected the moving dots. They were indeed wild asses, but very different from our donkeys and mules. These were splendid creatures, the old males standing sixteen hands high, with powerful limbs, broad chests, and arched necks. The long ears were the only asinine features about them, and they were not near as long as those of the domestic ass.

Tom suddenly started, as if struck with an idea.

"I'll try it," he muttered. "I could not have a better chance than now."

At his desire, Manuel halted the caravan where they were, while Tom dismounted, and crept forward, behind rocks and bushes, till he was within about twenty yards of the spring, where the wild asses were coming to drink. Then he lay down behind a rock, and awaited their approach.

The wind was blowing from the desert toward him, so that there was no danger of their scenting him, and he had hidden his advance so well that they had not caught sight of him, attracted as they were by the distant caravan, going into camp where Tom had left them.

The troop of wild asses came nearer and nearer, gazing curiously at the caravan, but anticipating no evil. Tom counted fifteen altogether; of which three were magnificent males, of a bright sorrel color, with the peculiar black cross-stripe on the withers, characteristic of their race; and four were little colts, of different sizes, up to two years old.

The young Texan rested his rifle on the forked branch of the bush that hid him, and patiently waited the coming of the troop. He was going to try a very hazardous experiment, peculiar to his native plains, called "creasing." It requires a first-class shot to try it successfully, but, when well performed, furnishes the surest way of capturing a swift animal yet known. Tom felt sufficient confidence in his skill to try it. He had brought with him several straps, which he proposed to use, if his shot was successful, to secure his prize, and he already counted on it as his own.

The wild asses came slowly down to the spring, often stopping and looking suspiciously at the caravan, and then coming on again. At last the leader of the herd put down his head, and drank delicately, and then pricked up his ears, and looked round away from Tom.

It was the chance the young man was looking for. The next minute he took a long and steady aim at the wild creature. He aimed just behind the ears, where the arching neck joined the head, and intended his bullet to *graze the spot, just stunning the animal*. Tom's nerves were like iron, and his eye perfectly true, as he glanced through the sights. He pulled the trigger, and through the flash and smoke saw the wild ass drop, as if dead, while the rest scoured away, in a cloud of dust, and went out of sight.

Out rushed Tom, rifle in hand, to view the prize, and found, to his intense joy, that the creature breathed. The bullet had marked a little "crease," exactly where it was aimed, and the wild creature was completely stunned. A hair's breadth lower, and it would have been killed.

Tom lost no time in looking. He produced from his pocket a strong strap, doubled up one fore leg of the wild ass, where it lay, and strapped it tight, just as circus-men had been in the habit of doing for many years, before Rarey made the secret public.

In a moment more he had a strong halter on the animal's head, and secured it just in time, for as he stepped away, the wild ass struggled to get up, having recovered from the momentary stupor.

And the way that creature struggled was exciting to see. Tom had never seen the like. The boy, as we know, was a splendid rider, and had on long spurs. Taking his advantage as the ass put out its fore leg to rise, he was on its back before it could get up. The halter was a strong cord, knotted around the animal's under jaw, with a rein on each side, and Bullard held the lead-string—she walked to the window, drew the curtain, and looked out at the night. All was peaceful and serene; the moon was full and bright, beyond doubt; and it was just as well for Sir Norman's peace of mind that he did not see her, for he was bad enough without that. So she stood thinking tenderly of him for a half-hour or so, quite undisturbed by the storm; and how strange it was that she had risen up that very morning expecting to be one man's bride, and that she should rise up the next, expecting to be another's. She could not realize it at all; and with a little sigh—half-pensive, half-presentiment—she walked to the window, drew the curtain, and looked out at the night.

All was peaceful and serene; the moon was full and bright, beyond doubt; and it was just as well for Sir Norman's peace of mind that he did not see her, for he was bad enough without that. So she stood thinking tenderly of him for a half-hour or so, quite undisturbed by the storm; and how strange it was that she had risen up that very morning expecting to be one man's bride, and that she should rise up the next, expecting to be another's. She could not realize it at all; and with a little sigh—half-pensive, half-presentiment—she walked to the window, drew the curtain, and looked out at the night.

menced to kick. Yes, actually to kick with both hind legs, standing on one fore leg to do it! A horse could not have performed this feat, but the wild ass like the zebra, has a peculiar hardness and strength of muscle that enables it to perform deeds that are impossible to a horse, as Rarey found when he tamed the zebra. For a few minutes Bullard had hard work to retain his seat. But even the wild ass is subject to fatigue. With one leg tied up, it could not struggle to any advantage, and the boy had a terrible hold upon the beast. It reared upright and came over backward, and Bullard was on his feet unhurt, and up again before the wild creature could rise. It tried to bite him in the leg, but Bullard was expecting the trick, and had a heavy whip hanging to his wrist, which he curled around the slim muzzle of the wild ass with a sharp lash every time it tried it. The animal was mad with rage. It squealed and reared up, only to be pulled back sharply by the self-possessed Bullard. He heard shouts of admiration from the Arabs, who were now galloping up at full speed, in the direction of assisting him in some way.

But Tom Bullard needed no assistance. He was bound to conquer that wild ass if he had to fight all night, and the sun was nearly set already. With a vague notion of tiring the creature out, he dug in his spurs till he fetched the blood, and wrenched its head round to the desert. The fury of the beast gave a tremendous bound, and suddenly darted forward, on three legs as it was, swifter than any horse could run—away, away, into the fast-darkening desert, while the watchmen hailed the driver, according to promise, and they entered the house together, brought out one long, white figure, and then another, and threw them on top of the gashed horse.

"We'll have three more for you in an hour or so—don't forget to come round," suggested the watchman.

"All right!" said the driver, as he took his place, whipped his horse, rung his bell, and jogged along nonchalantly to the plague-pit.

Sick at heart, Leoline dropped the curtain, and turned round to see—somebody else standing at her elbow. She had been quite alone when she looked out; she was alone no longer; there had been no noise, yet someone had entered, and was standing beside her. A tall figure, all in black, with its sweeping velvet robes spangled with stars of golden rubies, a perfect figure of incomparable grace and beauty. It had worn a cloak that had dropped lightly from its shoulders, and lay on the floor, and the long hair streamed in darkness over shoulder and waist. The face was masked, the form stood erect and perfectly motionless, and the scream of surprise and consternation that arose to Leoline's lips died out in wordless terror. Her noiseless visitor perceived it, and touching her arm lightly with one little white hand, said in her sweetest and most exquisite of tones.

"My child, do not tremble so, and do not look so deathly white. You know me, do you not?"

"You are La Masque?" said Leoline, trembling with nervous dread.

"I am, and no stranger to you; though perhaps you think so. Is it your habit every night to look out of your window in full dress until morning?"

"How did you enter?" asked Leoline, her curiosity overcoming for a moment even her fear.

"Through the door. Not a difficult thing, either, if you leave it wide open every night, as it is this."

"Was it open?" said Leoline, in dismay.

"Ahl then it was not you who went out last. Who was it?"

"It was—was—" Leoline's cheeks were scarlet; "it was a—friend!"

"A somewhat late hour for one's friends to visit them," said La Masque, sarcastically;

"and you should learn the precaution of seeing them to the door and fastening it after them."

"Rest assured I shall do so for the future," said Leoline, with a look that would have reminded Sir Norman of Miranda, had he seen it. "I scarcely expected the honor of any more visits, particularly from strangers, to-night."

"Civil, that! Will you ask me to sit down, or am I to consider myself an unseasonable intruder, and depart?"

"Madame, will you do me the honor to be seated. The hour, as you say, is somewhat unseasonable, and you will oblige me by letting me know what I have done for the pleasure of this visit, as quickly as possible."

There was something quite dignified about Mistress Leoline, as she swept rustling past La Masque, and motioned her visitor to a seat with a slight and graceful wave of her hand. Not but that in her secret heart she was a good deal frightened, for something under her pink satin corsage was going pit-a-pat at a wonderful rate; but she thought that betraying such a feeling would not be the thing. Perhaps the tall, dark figure saw it, and smiled behind her mask; but outwardly she only leaned lightly against the back of the chair, and glanced discreetly at the door.

"Are you sure we are quite alone?"

"Quite."

"Because," said La Masque, in her low, silvery tones, "what I have come to say is not for the ears of any third person living."

"We are entirely alone, madame," replied Leoline, opening her black eyes very wide.

"Prudence is gone, and I do not know when she will be back."

"Prudence will never come back," said La Masque, quietly.

"Madame?"

"My dear, do not look so shocked—it is none of her fault. You know she deserted you for fear of the plague."

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, that did not save her; nay, it even brought on what she dreaded so much.

Your nurse is plague-stricken, my dear, and lies ill unto death in the pest-house in Finsbury Fields."

"Oh, dreadfully!" exclaimed Leoline, while every drop of blood fled from her face. "My poor, poor old nurse!"

"Your poor, poor old nurse left you with much tenderness when she thought you dying of the same disease," said La Masque, quietly.

"Oh, that is nothing. The suddenness, the shock drove her to it. My poor, dear Prudence."

"Well, you can do nothing for her now," said La Masque, in a tone of slight impatience.

"Prudence is beyond all human aid, and so let her rest in peace. You were carried to the plague-pit yourself, for dead, were you not?"

"Yes," answered the pale lips, while she shivered all over at the recollection.

"And was saved by—who were you saved by, my dear?"

"By two gentlemen."

"Oh, I know that; what were their names?"

</

"Then I'll recall that promise. I have changed my mind."

"Well, that's not very astonishing; it is but the privilege of your sex! Nevertheless, I'm afraid I must insist on your becoming Countess L'Estrange, and that immediately!"

"Never, sir! I will die first!"

"Oh, no! We could not spare such a bright little beauty out of this ugly world! You will live, and live for me!"

"Sir!" cried Leoline, white with passion, and her black eyes blazing with a fire that would have killed him, could fiery glances slay, "I do not know how you have entered here; but I do know, if you are a gentleman, you will leave me instantly! Go, sir! I never wish to see you again!"

"But when I wish to see you so much, my darling Leoline," said the count, with provoking indifference, "what does a little reluctance on your part signify? Get your hood and mantle, my love—my horse awaits us without—and let us fly where neither plague nor mortal man will interrupt our nuptials!"

"Will no one take this man away?" she cried, looking helplessly round, and wringing her hands.

"Certainly not, my dear—not even Sir Norman Kingsley! George, I am afraid this prettily little vixen will not go peacefully; you had better come in!"

With a smile on his face, he took a step toward her. Shrieking wildly, she darted across the room, and made for the door just as somebody else was entering it. The next instant a shawl was thrown over her head, and her cries smothered in it, and she was lifted in a pair of strong arms, carried down-stairs, and out into the night.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THIRD VISION.

PRESENTMENTS are strange things. From the first moment Sir Norman entered the city, and his thoughts had been able to leave Miranda and find themselves wholly on Leoline, a heavy foreboding of evil to her had oppressed him. Some danger, he was sure, had befallen her during his absence—how could it be otherwise with the Earl of Rochester and Count L'Estrange both on her track? Perhaps, by this time, one or other had found her, and alone and unaided she had been an easy victim, and was now borne beyond his reach forever. The thought goaded him and his horse almost to distraction; for the moment it struck him, he struck spurs into his horse, making that unoffending animal jump spasmodically, like one of those prancing steeds Miss Bonheur is fond of depicting. Through the streets he flew at a frantic rate, growing more excited and full of apprehension the nearer he came to old London Bridge; and calling himself a select litany of hard names inwardly, for having left the dear little thing at all.

"If I find her safe and well," thought Sir Norman, emphatically, "nothing short of an earthquake or dying of the plague will ever induce me to leave her again, until she is Lady Kingsley, and in the old manor at Devonshire. What a fool, and idiot, and ninny I must have been, to have left her as I did, knowing those two sleuth-hounds were in full chase! What are all the Mirandas and midnight queens to me, if Leoline is lost?"

That last question was addressed to the elements in general; and as they disdained reply, he cantered on furiously, till the old house by the river was reached. It was the third time that night he had paused to contemplate it, and each time with very different feelings; first, from simple curiosity; second, in an ecstasy of delight, and third and last, in an agony of apprehension. All around was peaceful and still; moon and stars sailed serenely through a sky of silver and snow; a faint cool breeze floated up from the river and fanned his hot and fevered forehead; the whole city lay wrapped in stillness, as profound and deathlike as the fabled one of the marble prince in the Eastern tale—nothing living moved abroad but the lonely night-guard keeping their dreary vigils before the plague-stricken houses, and the ever-present, ever-busy post-cart, with its mournful bell and dreadful cry. As far as Sir Norman could see, no other human being but himself and the solitary watchman, so often mentioned, were visible. Even he could scarcely be said to be present; for, though leaning against the house with his halberd on his shoulder, he was sound asleep at his post, and far away in the land of dreams. It was the second night of his watch; and with a good conscience and a sound digestion, there is no earthly anguish short of the toothache strong enough to keep a man awake two nights in succession. So sound were his bally slumbers in his airy chamber that not even the loud clatter of Sir Norman's horse's hoofs proved strong enough to arouse him; and that young gentleman, after glancing at him, made up his mind to try to find out for himself before arousing him to seek information. Securing his horse, he looked up at the house with wistfully earnest eyes, and saw that the solitary light still burned in her chamber. It struck him now how very imprudent it was to keep that lamp burning; for if Count L'Estrange saw it, it was all up with Leoline—and there was even more to be dreaded from him than from the earl. How was he to find out whether that illuminated chamber had a tenant or not? Certainly, standing there staring till doomsday would not do it; and there seemed but two ways, of entering the house at once, or arousing the man. But the man was sleeping so soundly that it seemed a pity to awake him for a trifling; and, after all, there could be no great harm or indiscretion in his entering to see if his bride was safe. Probably Leoline was asleep, and would know nothing about it; or, even were she wide awake and watchful, she was altogether too sensible a girl to be displeased at his anxiety about her. If she were still awake, and waiting for day-dawn, he resolved to stay with her and keep her from feeling lonesome until that time came—if she were asleep, he would steal out softly again, and keep guard at her door until morning. Full of these praiseworthy resolutions, he tried the handle of the door, half expecting to find it locked, and himself obliged to perpetrate an entrance through the window; but no, it yielded to his touch and he went in. Hall and staircase were intensely dark, but he knew his way without a pilot this time, and steered clear of all shoals and quicksands, through the hall and up the stairs. The door of the lighted room—Leoline's room—lay wide open, and he paused on the threshold to reconnoiter. He had gone softly for fear of startling her, and now, with the same tender caution, he glanced round the room. The lamp burned on the dainty dressing-table, where undisturbed lay jewels, perfume-bottles, sprunking-glass and mirror. The cithern lay unmolested on the couch, the rich curtains were drawn; everything was as he had left it last—everything but the pretty pink figure, with drooping eyes, and pearls in the waves of her rich black hair. He looked round for the things she had worn, hoping she had taken them off and retired to rest, but they were not to be seen; and with a cold

sinking of the heart, he went noiselessly across the room, and to the bed. It was empty, and showed no trace of having been otherwise since he and the pest-cart driver had borne from it the apparently lifeless form of Leoline. Yes, she was gone; and Sir Norman turned for a moment so sick with utter dread that he leaned against one of the tall carved posts, and hated himself for having left her with a heartlessness that his worst enemy could not have surpassed. Then aroused into new and spasmodic energy by the exigency of the case, he seized the lamp, and going out to the hall, made the house ring from basement to attic with her name. No reply but that hollow, melancholy echo that sounds so lugubriously through empty houses, was returned; and he jumped down-stairs with an impetuous rush, flinging back every door in the hall below with a crash, and flying wildly from room to room. In solemn, grim repose lay; but none of them held the bright figure in rose-satin he sought. And he left them in despair, and went back to her chamber again. "Leoline! Leoline! Leoline!" he called, while he rushed impetuously up-stairs, and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber; but Leoline answered not—perhaps never would answer more! Even "going against hope," he had to give up the chase at last—no Leoline did that house hold; and with this conviction despairingly impressed on his mind, Sir Norman Kingsley covered his face with his hands, and uttered a dismal groan. Yet, forsooth as was the case, he groaned but once, "only that and nothing more;" there was no time for such small luxuries as groaning and tearing his hair, and boiling over with wrath and vengeance against the human race generally, and those two diabolical specimens of it, the Earl of Rochester and Count L'Estrange, particularly. He plunged head foremost down-stairs, and out of the door. There he was impetuously brought up all standing; for somebody stood before it, gazing up at the gloomy front with as much earnestness as he had done himself, and against this individual he rushed recklessly with a shock that nearly sent the pair of them over into the kennel.

"Sacr-rrr-e!" cried a shrill voice, in tones of indignant remonstrance. "What do you mean, monsieur! Are you drunk, or crazy, that you come running head foremost into peaceable citizens, and throwing them heels uppermost on the king's highway? Stand off, sir! and think yourself lucky that I don't run you through with my dirk for such an insult!"

At the first sound of the outraged treble tones, Sir Norman had started back, and glared upon the speaker with much the same expression of countenance as an incensed tiger. The orator of the spirited address had stooped to pick up his plumed cap, and recover his center of gravity, which was considerably knocked out of place by the unexpected collision, and held forth with very flashing eyes, and altogether too angry to recognize his auditor. Sir Norman waited until he had done, and then springing at him, grabbed him by the collar.

"You young hound!" he exclaimed, fairly lifting him off his feet with one hand, and shaking him as if he would have wriggled out of hose and doublet. "You infernal young jackanapes! I'll run you through in less than two minutes, if you don't tell me where you have taken her."

"I believe you," said Sir Norman, with another profound and broken-hearted sigh, "and I'm only too sure she has been abducted by that consummate scoundrel and treacherous villain, Count L'Estrange."

"Count who?" said Hubert, with a quick start, and a look of intense curiosity. "What was the name?"

"L'Estrange—a scoundrel of the deepest dye! Perhaps you know him?"

"No," replied Hubert, with a queer, half-musing smile, "no; but I have a notion I have heard the name. Was he a rascal of yours?"

"I should think so! He was to have been married to the lady this very night."

"He was, eh? And what stopped the match?"

"She took the plague!" said Sir Norman, strange to say, not at all offended at the boy's familiarity. "And would have been thrown into the plague-pit but for me, and when she recovered she accepted me and cast him off!"

"A quick exchange! The lady's heart must be most flexible, or unusually large, to be able to hold so many at once."

"It never held him," said Sir Norman, frowning; "she was forced into the marriage by her mercenary friends. Oh! if I had him here, wouldn't I make him wish the highwaymen had shot him through the head and done for him, before I would let him go?"

"What is he like—this Count L'Estrange?" said Hubert, carelessly.

"Like the black-hearted traitor and villain he is!" replied Sir Norman, with more energy than truth; for he had caught but passing glimpses of the count's features, and those showed him they were decidedly prepossessing; "and he slinks along like a coward and an abductor as he is, in a slouched hat and shadowy cloak. Oh! if I had him here!" repeated Sir Norman, with vivacity, "wouldn't I—"

"Yes, of course you would," interposed Hubert, and serve him right, too! Have you made any inquiries about the matter—for instance, of our friend, sleeping the sleep of the just, across there?"

"Do I mean the lady we were talking of?" repeated Sir Norman, with another furious flourish of his sword.

"Yes, I do mean the lady we were talking of, that was saved from the river?" asked Hubert, a new light dawning upon him.

"I mean the lady we were talking of?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without telling me immediately where she has been taken to."

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

"Why, do you mean the lady we were talking of, that was saved from the river?" asked Hubert, a new light dawning upon him.

"I do mean the lady we were talking of?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without telling me immediately where she has been taken to?"

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

"Why, do you mean the lady we were talking of?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without telling me immediately where she has been taken to?"

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

"Why, do you mean the lady we were talking of?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without telling me immediately where she has been taken to?"

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

"Why, do you mean the lady we were talking of?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without telling me immediately where she has been taken to?"

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

"Why, do you mean the lady we were talking of?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without telling me immediately where she has been taken to?"

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

"Why, do you mean the lady we were talking of?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without telling me immediately where she has been taken to?"

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

"Why, do you mean the lady we were talking of?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without telling me immediately where she has been taken to?"

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

lady has been carried off, I have had no hand in it."

Again Sir Norman was staggered by the frank, bold gaze and truthful voice, but still the string was in a tangle somewhere.

"And where have you been ever since?" he began, severely, and with the air of a lawyer about to go into rigid cross-examination.

"Searching for her," was the prompt reply.

"Where?"

"Through the streets; in the pest-house, and at the plague-pit."

"How did you find out she lived here?"

"I did not find it out. When I became convinced she was in none of the places I have mentioned, I gave up the search in despair, for to-night, and was returning to his lordship to report my ill success."

"Why then, were you standing in front of her house, gaping at it with all the eyes in the head, as if it were the eighth wonder of the world?"

"Monsieur has not the most courteous way of asking questions that I ever heard of; but I have no particular objection to answer him. It struck me that, as Mr. Ormiston brought the lady up this way, and as I saw her and he haunting this place so much to-night, I thought her residence was somewhere here, and I paused to look at the house as I went along. In fact, I intended to ask old sleepy-head, over there, for further particulars, before I left the neighborhood, had not you, Sir Norman, run bolt into me, and knocked every idea clean out of my head?"

"And you are sure you are not Leoline?" said Sir Norman, suspiciously.

"To the best of my belief, Sir Norman, I am not," replied Hubert, reflectively.

"Well, it is all very strange, and very aggravating," said Sir Norman, sighing and sheathing his sword. "She is gone, at all events; no doubt at all that—and if you have not carried her off, somebody else has."

"Perhaps she has gone herself," insinuated Hubert.

"Nothing! Where did they carry her to? What did they do with her? Go on! go on!"

"Well," said the watchman, eying the speaker curiously. "I'm going to. They went along, down to the river, both of them, and I saw a boat shove off, shortly after, and that something, with its head in a shawl, lying as peaceful as a lamb, with one of the two beside it. That's all—I went asleep about then, till you two were shaking me and waking me up."

Sir Norman and Hubert looked at each other, one between despair and rage, the other with a thoughtful, half-inquiring air, as if he had some secret to tell, and was mentally questioning whether it was safe to do so. On the whole, he seemed to come to the conclusion, that a silent tongue maketh a wise head, and nodding and saying, "Thank you!" to the watchman, he passed his arm through Sir Norman's, and drew him back to the door of Leoline's house.

"There is a light within," he said, looking up at it; "how comes that?"

"I found the lamp burning when I returned, and everything undisturbed. They must have entered noiselessly, and carried her off without a struggle," replied Sir Norman, with a sort of groan.

"Have you searched the house—searched it well?"

"Thoroughly—from top to bottom!"

"It seems to me there ought to be some trace. Will you come back with me and look again?"

"It is no use; but there is

THE Saturday JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months	\$1.00
Two copies, one year	5.00
In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at the expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any date number.	

Take Notice.—In sending money for subscription, always enclose the currency, except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Losses by mail will be most surely avoided if these directions are followed.

Communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Next Week Commences

JOSEPH E. BADGER'S

Brilliant and Strikingly Original

STORY OF THE GULCHES,

LITTLE VOLCANO,

The Boy Miner;

OR,

THE PIRATES OF THE PLACERS.

A Romance of Life Among the Lawless.

No writer in the field of fiction covering wild life in the mines, mountains, prairies and plains has a popularity more extended than Mr. Badger, whose succession of stories, in our columns—among them "Old Bull's-Eye; or, The Lightning Shot of the Plains," "Pacific Pete, the Prince of the Revolver"—have been received with increasing and commanding interest. In this new work from his hand, we are given a vivid picture of "life among the lawless," in which the celebrated Mexican bandit,

MURIETA, AND THREE-FINGERED JACK, his ruffian second in command, are given prominence as active participants in the story's most eventful drama, in which the

PLUCKY BOY MINER

AND

The Whimsical Old Zimri Coon as "pards" and friends are deeply and mysteriously involved, and the mining town of Hard Luck becomes the center of a very singular train of events.

LONG TOM AND SLEEPY GEORGE, two gamblers, "pards," with head-quarters at "The Miners' Rest" tavern, have another history behind that of their calling as gamblers, which throws around them and their proceedings an interest strengthening as the story runs, and involving, in a somewhat remarkable manner,

PRETTY MARY MORTON

AND THE

WOMAN MANAGER OF THE INN.

The story in its general incidents is of a character to enlist the liveliest attention; while an undercurrent of purpose and motif, that becomes more and more apparent as the drama progresses, finally bears all before it and gives the story a brilliant climax. In language, peculiarity of persons, novelty of life, association and incident the story is

INIMITABLE AND CAPTIVATING, and will add measurably to its author's fine reputation.

Buffalo Bill's New Romance!

We have in hand, for early use, a new serial story of the Border,

THE PRAIRIE PILOT,

by the great scout and hunter-author, Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)—now off on the Plains, as Government scout in the campaign against the Sioux. It was finished just before he left for the field of duty, and, in all respects, a splendid story of the Forts, the Trail and the Haunts in the Black Hills.

In most of the so-called boys' papers a discriminating public finds little to admire. In manner, spirit and matter they are such that no parent, who values its child's taste, principles or morals, can afford to omit a careful examination of these "juvenile" weeklies. Such an examination will excite anger and consternation over the kind of matter which loads the badly-printed and coarsely "illustrated" pages. The rapid succession of fictitious narratives which form the great bulk of the reading is but rarely redeemed by the use of a story of real merit or instructiveness.

Sunshine Papers.

Sold—A Birthright.

YOUNG MAN.—"Seven o'clock! and I have not slept a wink all night. Confound it! How stale I feel, after thinking, thinking all these hours. The more fool I to be so undecided. Why should I let any scruples annoy me? Other men would use the bonds without giving the matter a second consideration; while I have not decided to use them. Yet, why should I not?"

You would be a thief.

"A thief! Great heavens! Why should that ugly word come into my mind? It is no robbery to just use the bonds. If I were not going to replace them, the affair would be en-

tiely different; but I shall only borrow them for a few days, and it will be harming no one. Every day men are using other people's property to help themselves to gain some—men who are considered models of integrity, morality, and piety; and as they increase in wealth, they gain more respect from the world and are courted and flattered by religious denominations. Then why should I not better my condition? There is no reason, that I can see, why I should always remain assistant treasurer of the Company, at a salary of twenty-five hundred a year, when a sure and quick way to wealth is open to me? Yes, I will travel this road to good fortune."

It is the road of Evil leading to Crime.

"Crime! It would be no crime. I only should use the bonds a little time, as collateral, and replace them before the next coupons are payable. And then I shall use so few; but fifteen thousand dollars' worth. I can soon double that, and so put them back and buy and sell upon my own securities."

And if you fail?

"I should not fail! Why, of course I should not! The markets were never in a more promising condition for a man to make money, and Blindeyes & Scallawags are an excellent firm to operate for one."

Rogues!

"Oh! hardly that; I used to be so dreadful ly milk-sopish as to think men could do business and yet be angelic. But when a man gets into the business world he soon outgrows such sentimentalism. People must live; and they cannot do so if they are over nice about every little matter. That firm only works to earn its living, and is not much worse than the majority of business firms. A man with an over-supply of conscience must make up his mind to starve all his life."

You have never known want; and yet, heretofore, have never committed a dishonorable act.

"I have never been dishonorable, true! When I first came to New York, a little boy, I promised mother to 'keep my soul white'—Oh, mother! mother! indeed your boy has kept his promise! If you have guarded my life, you know how I have won love and respect and confidence, and that I have been as honorable as the son of such a mother should be. I have kept my soul white—mother, I will! I will!"

But—Oh, heavens! why should I suffer these torments? It is only a little thing I wish to do. No one can be harmed by it; while I shall be bettered. Of course, if I should fail, I should be in a horrible mess. Though if I had rich friends to back me, it would make little difference. There is the injustice of society. Wealth can wipe out any stain, and wealth I will have!"

It will never blot out the stain upon your soul.

"Will there be a stain upon my soul? Will mother see it? Will I have sold my—Oh, what nonsense! I will do what others do! I will make money! It will all come out right, and I will do wisely with my wealth. It would be so different if I wanted money to spend in doubtful pleasures or dissipations. But I do nothing that is immoral. I do not even drink or smoke. It is only for Emily's sake I want to be rich."

That is a lie!

"It is for Emily that I wish to purchase a nice house, and furnish it prettily, and live in it comfortably. I cannot bear to take her from a luxurious home, to offer her less comforts than she has now."

The old story: "the woman tempted me."

Has Emily repented at your position?

"Of course Emily would marry me, just the same if I had only a thousand a year instead of twenty-five hundred. That is all the more reason why I should reward her fond love with all the pleasures that competence can give. I want my wife to dress as handsomely and live as well after her marriage as before. And position depends upon one's wealth. That brown-stone Hill was mentioning to me, is a perfect bargain—only fifteen thousand. If I only could make that amount—And I'll be a man. I will make it. I'll use the bonds—take them down to Wall street to-day!"

Keep your soul!

"Oh, confound it! This is a business affair—such as hundreds of men engage in. I will be rich. I've indulged in silly vacillation long enough. I say I will use the bonds!"

Letters.

"In jail! A thief! Oh, God! if I could only die—but I cannot; there is a stain on my soul; neither can I face the world. Disgraced! Disgraced! From a good position in business, from high social standing, from esteem and office in religious circles, from Emily's love, from freedom! from my own respect—cast out! Oh, it is too horrible! And yet it was my own choice—I wanted wealth; I would not believe I could fail to win it. Now I am a felon. I have lost fifteen thousand dollars of money that was not mine and that I cannot repay—I have lost everything! I have blotted out my past and destroyed my future. I have blackened my soul—and to "keep thy soul white," is a man's birthright. God help me—only twenty-eight, and I have sold mine! Sold my birthright! and for what?"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

The noble red-man has taken up his residence now on the plains, and of course may be considered a plain man in many respects; he attirets himself in about all that he can put on, and does no work that he can put off, since he shows a very evident trait of intense modern civilization by making his wife do all the work while he sits around the hotels smoking cigars, and pulling himself over ten cent drinks like a boot.

The education of the red-man was neglected, and he could no more tell what whisky spells than he could climb up and slide down his own back, and he would have to tell by the taste—and he has developed a fine taste for that article of distilled enlightenment.

They are very cunning, and can sneak up and relieve a man of all necessary trouble in trying to provide food for himself, and he will never have any knowledge of it afterward, and anybody fooling foolishly around an Indian is at no expense of buying fine tooth combs or hair dyes, or other foolishness of that sort. Every Indian is a barber-shop in himself.

They seem to think that the divine purpose of a white man is to be scalped, and unless there are who dislike to receive them, unless the missive contains a bill which you are requested to settle at once—and what a rush this is when the mail arrives and the letters are distributed! You would think some people were almost maniacs if you were to visit some country town where the mail only gets along once a week. Eagerness is depicted on every countenance and frantically are letters "gathered." Whether they contain good spelling or perfect grammar or not, they are just as highly prized, and it doesn't take people long to devour the contents of each missive.

How many different subjects are contained in those letters, and how much of the individual's character shines forth in them, until we seem to have the writer's face to face with us! I love to receive letters—not ones full of high-stuffed language and big sounding phrases, but those written just as the writers at heart feel, so I can sympathize with their trouble or congratulate them in their successes.

Here are a few lines from a young student, who was playing the rôle of pedagogue, last winter, in the New England States:

The red man, being with one of the greatest talkers it has ever been my fortune to meet. She will give a history of every event and circumstance that ever came under her notice. I think she talks sometimes for an hour, almost without interruption. I usually take a book or newspaper when she is "going it" for my especial benefit. But she never notices whether any one is listening, and but the right one. I have a desire to hear conversation and gain information on some topics, but there are some subjects I am not interested in."

Poor fellow! I pity him. Just as though school keeping wasn't enough to try the patience of a saint, but a woman with a windmill of a tongue must be added to the torture.

I wonder if she talks about "Almyr's new bonnet," or expatiates on the "true sphere of woman?" Maybe she tells how many beaux she had when she was young, who their parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and great, great grandparents were, all of their names and the occupations they followed as well as relating how many eligible offers she had refused, and all of the whys and because, I should be tempted to sing:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

I think Mr. Bergh is wanted in that section.

Emily writes me that she is hurried to death to get her work done, and she doesn't see why sewing-machines will not go faster, although she has one of the fastest and the best made. This leads me to wonder how Emily would have been content to live in those times when sewing-machines were as rare as they are now plenty. Away back in the past there is an account of the stitches in a plain garment, and they reach an aggregate of 20,646, and all of them done by hand! Well might females in the olden time think that "woman's work was never done." In a magazine of so recent a date as 1825, we find the following:

"Is it not in man's power to relieve woman from so great a burden which she is obliged to bear?"

"But he found himself and friends interested in a society of hearts and manufacturers, and gets shirts made, as well as washed, by machinery and steam?"

It has been done! Some one took the hint acted on it, and we have sewing and washing machines! We ought to be thankful. Woman's life is not near so much of a drudgery with these benefits as it would be without them. Woman gets more time to herself to learn as well as to aid and instruct others. The sewing-machine is ornamental as well as useful and certainly it is a workman that will pay for itself. So, my dear Emily—and every other female who possesses a sewing-machine—don't grumble, but be thankful for what you have and praise and not disparage your blessings.

Uncle Sam's arrangements in the postal line are almost perfect, and it is often a wonder to me how so few letters are lost where so many millions are sent, and from one part of the world to another. I will just clip a bit from the missive of one of my Michigan friends:

"I find you are away down East," indeed, when I look on the map and see how far away your big State of Maine is. New York seems a long 'way to go, where the hills rises but you are on and on and on, and all, it only takes a cent to get across, and a little package, and it will mix with a million others, be 'bagged,' tied and untied, sorted, changed, and will still pick itself out all right and land safely within your reach."

I tell you we have much to be thankful for in cheap postage and rapid transit of our letters, and so I'll say, "Thank you, Uncle Sam!"

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Concerning Indians.

It would take me about three weeks, long measure, to tell why the Indian is called the noble savage, because I do not know, and what I don't know bothers me to tell straight.

When Columbus Christopher ran against this continent these continentals were here, and he had a long conversation with them which was very interesting to both parties, because neither of them understood the other; but he inferred that they had been here long before he came; he said that he felt positive of that fact

We have found out more lately that they are spontaneous to this country, since there are no others like them in any other part of the world.

The President of the United States, when they were first discovered, was not a very learned man, from what we can learn, and there seemed to be no restrictions in regard to race and color. The Capitol at Washington had not been built.

When the whites took possession of this country and put it in their pockets, they told the red-man to go west and flourish up with the country. He packed his valise and took his departure, and took as many scalps, to remember people by, as he could—a small lock of their hair wouldn't do; he wanted to remember them *by*, and so he took the whole piece.

The noble red-man has taken up his residence now on the plains, and of course may be considered a plain man in many respects; he attirets himself in about all that he can put on, and does no work that he can put off, since he shows a very evident trait of intense modern civilization by making his wife do all the work while he sits around the hotels smoking cigars, and pulling himself over ten cent drinks like a boot.

The education of the red-man was neglected, and he could no more tell what whisky spells than he could climb up and slide down his own back, and he would have to tell by the taste—and he has developed a fine taste for that article of distilled enlightenment.

They are very cunning, and can sneak up and relieve a man of all necessary trouble in trying to provide food for himself, and he will never have any knowledge of it afterward, and anybody fooling foolishly around an Indian is at no expense of buying fine tooth combs or hair dyes, or other foolishness of that sort. Every Indian is a barber-shop in himself.

They seem to think that the divine purpose of a white man is to be scalped, and unless there are who dislike to receive them, unless the missive contains a bill which you are requested to settle at once—and what a rush this is when the mail arrives and the letters are distributed! You would think some people were almost maniacs if you were to visit some country town where the mail only gets along once a week. Eagerness is depicted on every countenance and frantically are letters "gathered."

Whether they contain good spelling or perfect grammar or not, they are just as highly prized, and it doesn't take people long to devour the contents of each missive.

When the red man, being with one of the greatest talkers it has ever been my fortune to meet. She will give a history of every event and circumstance that ever came under her notice. I think she talks sometimes for an hour, almost without interruption. I usually take a book or newspaper when she is "going it" for my especial benefit. But she never notices whether any one is listening, and but the right one. I have a desire to hear conversation and gain information on some topics, but there are some subjects I am not interested in."

Poor fellow! I pity him. Just as though school keeping wasn't enough to try the patience of a saint, but a woman with a windmill of a tongue must be added to the torture.

The closer the Indians are pressed to the Pacific the further from pacific they are. On being asked what particular object pleased them best in this country, both gentlemen giggled condescendingly, looked at each other, and replied in one voice, "American women very

good bow, and can shoot the head out from under the apple every pop with their little arrows.

In piping times of peace they smoke the pipe of peace.

DREAMING AT FOURSORE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She sits in the open doorway,
While the sun goes down the West,
With her kerchief folded smoothly
Across her aged breast.

Her hair is whiter than silver;
Once brown, and always fair;
The sunbeams falls on its meshes,
And works its wonders there.

Her cheeks are wrinkled and faded
Where the roses used to blow;
Such roses are too eager
To leave the frost and snow.

Her hands in her lap are folded
And her will has rolled away
From her knitting-work, and the kitten
Is ready for reckless play.

Her eyes are afar on the landscape,
But she sees no living thing;
She is looking back into her girlhood,
Into her life's fair spring.

And as she looks back to the springtime
Of a long and useful life.
She thinks of its lights and shadows;
Of its doubts, and hopes, and strife.

She thinks, as she sits in the sunshine
Of this golden afternoon,
Of the beautiful moonlight evenings,
Far back in a happy June.

When she used to stand by the gateway,
And look at the far, white stars,
And hark for a well-known footstep,
And the fall of the meadow bars,

And then she thinks of the morning
When, clad in her bridal white,
She went from the home of her girlhood,
Under skies that were strangely bright.

To the pleasant and lonely homestead
Where a nest still hung upon a bough,
When they stand out on the journey
Whence comes but when life is done?

Silent thoughts of the little trifles—
That came to their pleasant home,
And were so much like sunshine
That she never thought of gloom.

And then there comes o'er the picture
A shadow which hides the sun,
And she sees the grave of your youngest;
The last and the fairest one.

The years roll on with their changes;
And the children are taller grown,
When a shadow, worse than all others,
Falls over the threshold stone.

She stands again by her husband,
When his bark of life sets sail
For the land of the great hereafter,
Beyond this earthy vale.

She hears him say, as she presses
The last kiss on his brow,
"We've been happy a long time, darling,
And I hate to leave you now."

She thinks of the dreary arrow
Which wrings up her life in,
When she laid him down in the churchyard,
Away from all care and sin.

They had worked and toiled together
For many a pleasant year.
And without him, life was lonely,
But God gave her heart good cheer.

She reads His Word, and believed it,
And found sweet solace there,
And often ta ked with her husband
By the means of faith and prayer.

Her children had grown, and their pathways
Lay all ways, near and far;
But one, who was most like his father,
Had kept his mother there.

She loved to look at his features
When his daily toil was done,
And think of that far-off season
When her work of life began.

And of him who had gone before her
So many years ago,
To sing the songs of Heaven,
And know what the angels know.

The sunbeam drifted out her
Like a blessing from the skies,
And she woke from her sleepless dreaming
With a start that was half-surprise.

The sleek white kitten had tangled
Her yarn in an endless coil,
And curled itself in the sunshine
For a rest from its merry toll.

She took up her life and her knitting
And began where she laid them down,
While the sunshine wove in her tresses
Gold threads for the vanquished brown.

She looked away toward the churchyard
Where the grass grew green and tall,
Which sprung from the sods that covered
One she loved best of all,

And thought ore long they would lay her
Away 'neath the grass-green sod,
And two lives be re-united
For evermore with God.

The Men of '76.

SERGEANT JASPER,
The Hero of the Ranks.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

WHILE celebrating the services of the leaders in field and council in the War for Independence, we should not overlook those heroes of the ranks by whose prowess and devotion the cause was sustained and Liberty attained.

Among the "untitled great" must be named Sergeant William Jasper, the Irish grenadier, who first appears in history in an act so daring that all generations will delight to do him honor.

Enlisting in Moultrie's Second South Carolina regiment, he participated with that regiment in the glorious defense of the fort on Sullivan's Island (June 28th, 1776). [See sketch of Moultrie.] Early in the action the heavy fire concentrated upon the fort cut away the flagstaff which bore the State colors—a strip of blue cloth bearing a white crescent in its center—and the flag tumbled forward into the ditch. All Charleston was out witnessing the terrific battle with the fleet; and, seeing the colors go down, thought it was a sign of Moultrie's surrender. But the apprehension was of brief duration, for soon the flag again floated from the battlements, on a staff extemporized from a sponge-staff! Jasper beholding the loss of the flag, left his gun, sprang through the embrasure, and tearing the colors off the shattered staff bore them back, through the embrasure, into the fort, amid the wild hurrahs of his comrades and officers. Fixing the flag to a sponge-staff he sprang upon the parapet, and there sat, holding aloft the colors until a new staff and colors were erected in the parade!

The marvelous daring of this act, when shot and shell were literally showering upon the spot, elicited, as it so well deserved, the warmest commendations of officers and men alike. When it came to the knowledge of Governor Rutledge, he publicly presented the heroic grenadier with his own elegant sword, and offered Jasper a captain's commission. The Governor's sword he accepted and wore with the most honorable pride, but the commission he had to decline, for, being wholly uneducated and unable even to write, he could not assume a captain's duties; so the brave fellow remained to the last only Sergeant Jasper.

Appreciating Jasper's worth, Moultrie soon gave him a kind of roving commission, to scout, spy and skirmish on his own responsibility—with authority to detach from the brigades all the men he needed. He would choose never more than half a dozen fellows as daring and trusty as himself, and, suddenly disappearing from camp, would be heard of no more until

returning with prisoners or valuable information, after several days' exhaustive and venturesome campaigning. In spying out Tory haunts, and in uncovering their designs, he was especially efficient. Lying concealed in swamps and negro huts, and making confederates of the negroes, he would often disconcert Tory schemes—much to their amazement. He entertained for the Tories so hearty a detestation that he would at all times undergo any hardship to circumvent and defeat them. South Carolina was full of these wretches. Lured by British gold, they had enlisted with the enemy, both openly and secretly, purposely to ravage and murder among their own neighbors, and Jasper, with his little squads, was almost incessantly on their track.

For months he was employed in this hazardous service—never failing to report to headquarters at the proper time. Learning that his brother, who had enlisted in the British regular service, was quartered with a detachment of the enemy at their advance post at Ebenezer, he made his way thither. Representing that he was tired of the American service, he was well received by his brother, and was offered service in the British army, which he declined under the plea of remaining neutral for a while. After a three days' stay, and obtaining valuable information, he succeeded in getting out of the enemy's lines and "reported progress" to Moultrie in person.

Again he visited Ebenezer, in company with a comrade, Sergeant Newton, on a spy; again he was well received and given the freedom of the camp. This visit resulted in an adventure which exemplified both his remarkable courage and his innate goodness of heart.

Among the prisoners brought in was a man named Jones, who, having taken the oath of allegiance to the Crown, and enjoyed British "protection," had repented of his bargain and joined the patriots. Being caught with arms in his hands he was liable to be hung for treason. His wife and child followed him into camp and begged most pitifully for his life. Jasper and Newton both were greatly moved by the woman's tears, but what could they do to save the husband? The prisoners, eight in number, were sent, under guard, to Savannah there to be tried and punished.

Learning of this the two sergeants slipped out of camp and started for Savannah, hoping to find some opportunity for an attack and release of the prisoners. The guard was a sergeant, corporal and eight men—in all, good soldiers and well armed. It did seem foolhardy for two to attempt their discomfiture; but, despite the odds, Jasper and Newton persisted in their resolve to save the poor woman's husband, even at the peril of their own lives.

Near Savannah is a fine spring at which the escort would probably halt for rest and drink, before entering the town. That was the last hope of the rescuers; so, reaching the spot before the little cavalcade, the two sergeants crept themselves near the spring. Soon the guard came along the highway and halted. The prisoners, escorted by the corporal with four men, approached the spring and sat down, near at hand. While two of the guard remained over them, two others approached the spring, and placing their muskets against trees, proceeded to fill their canteens. The sergeant and his four men had stacked their arms in the road, and stood near awaiting their turn at the spring.

For she was a selfish little thing. Madly in love with Fraser Harold, she was sharp to calculate the advantages of marriage with such a man, and resolved that her beauty should be the magic key to open to her the doors of pleasure and pride.

She would wear diamonds and dresses from Paris; she would have everything on earth her fancy craved; she would have all Fraser's club friends, of whom he talked to her sometimes, admit her beauty—ah! what a flower they was marked out for her elastic little foot!

And yet—if she had prudently stopped and thought that fact!—Fraser had never yet said a word to her about marriage. He had made love to her—recklessly enough—but he had committed himself to no promises. In the simple village where she was reared, young men did not make love to young women unless they wished to marry them. She took everything for granted. She only wished that her admirer would be more impulsive and urge her to wed him before Mr. Rhodes' return; as then she would be driven from her present home and have no shelter proper to one of her expectations.

Two or three times she asked Mr. Harold, in her pretty, coquettish way, what he thought she ought to do when Mr. Rhodes came back, and had laughed, with some light assurance that she would be provided for.

Jasper's career had an ending in keeping with his soldier's devotion. When Moultrie's Second South Carolinians returned to Charleston after their defense of Fort Sullivan, and Sir Peter Parker's fleet had wholly disappeared in the offing, Mrs. Bernard Elliot, "one of the finest women of Charleston," presented the regiment with a stand of red and blue silk colors, richly embroidered with her own fair hands, and in the presentation speech adjured the regiment to defend the colors "as long as they can wave in the air of liberty." To which the sturdy Moultrie, for his men, gave a pledge that they should never be dishonored. These colors it was the pride of the bravest young officers to bear, and in redeeming their commander's pledge four gallant spirits perished—Jasper being the fourth.

At the assault on Savannah the Second South Carolinians, led by Lieut.-Col. Laurens, were given the heavy work of assaulting and carrying the Spring Hill redoubt—the most powerful all the defensive works—defended by Colonel Maitland's splendid grenadiers and dismounted dragoons. The story of that assault is told in the sketch of Pulaski and Lincoln]. It was an awful contest along the whole line. Men went down before the well-serve British artillery in great numbers. But, with a heroism that was sublime, the lines pressed on. The French, under D'Estate, pieced the works and reached the town, only to be engulfed by a cross-fire which sent them whirling back, decimated, to the rear. Huger and Pulaski on the left, along the river, pressed in between the redoubts only to find the way closed against them by the defeat of D'Estate on the front. But the Spring Hill fort was not to be won. Laurens' brave fellows, with undaunted dash, rushed to the assault, and, though their ranks were rent through and through, the silken colors were planted on the escarpment—alas! only to go down in blood. Lieutenants Bush and Hume, the bearers, were shot on the spot. Lieutenant Gray sprang forward to raise the colors, and he was slain in the effort. Then came Jasper, resolved to prevent the flag from falling into the enemy's hands. He leaped to Gray's side, and, seizing the flag, received his mortal wound. But he saved the standard, and the promise of the colonel was redeemed—the colors were not dishonored! When the retreat sounded, and, still holding his precious charge in his grasp, Jasper was taken from the ditch and borne to the rear, where he was soon visited by the gallant Major Horry. "I have got my furlough, major," he said. "That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for my conduct at Fort Moultrie. Give it to my fa-

ther, and tell him I have worn it with honor. If the old man should weep, tell him his son died in the hope of a better life. Tell Mrs. Elliot that I lost my life supporting the colors which you presented to our regiment. Should you ever see Jones, (the prisoner he had rescued at the spring near Savannah,) his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of that battle which he fought for them brought a secret joy to his heart when he was breathing his last."

That was the last of the brave Sergeant Jasper.

Black Eyes and Blue;

THE PERIL OF BEAUTY AND THE POWER OF PURITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT WILL HE DO ABOUT IT?

To return upon our history to Fraser Harold and little dark-eyed Florence whiling away the moonlit June evenings together—dangerous amusement for one of the two! Scarcey passed, for four brief, bewitching weeks, but that Fraser contrived, in some way, to talk with, write to, or walk with his new acquaintance. Florence usually asked Mrs. Plimpton to walk with her for an hour in the park, after dusk, and usually her guardian-dragon declined, with the advice that she should go, however, for the air, as she must require it and the exercise to keep up her health. To this the little prisoner would give a meek assent, and stealing over to the shadows of the great trees in the inclosed grounds, would soon be joined by an impatient lover, who had spent a good part of his day in waiting for this hour—or, at least, so he always assumed—the young creature who welcomed him with such a blush and smile as not even the shades and clouds could quite conceal.

Fraser's father was not quite so well as he had been; the family lingered in town on his account; and so the very Fates seemed leagued against our run-away by detaining the young Sybarite in her vicinity. Florence had betrayed her romantic and impracticable ways of life, in coming to New York as she did. It cannot be expected that she should have acted with prudence subsequently. She lived in a dream-world—during those days—as different from the actual one as are the visions of the seventh heaven entertained by the luxurious Moslem, from the true heaven.

Her wildest hopes, her most splendid pictures of life, were to be swiftly realized. The most elegant, noble, fascinating man that ever trod the streets of New York was to marry her. He was fabulously rich; and she was to be decked in silks and jewels and to step into the magic circle of fashion and power.

Her heart was set to run to that tune—"power, wealth, triumph, love—love, triumph, wealth, power!"—and it beat to it most sweetly. For she was a selfish little thing. Madly in love with Fraser Harold, she was sharp to calculate the advantages of marriage with such a man, and resolved that her beauty should be the magic key to open to her the doors of pleasure and pride.

She would wear diamonds and dresses from Paris; she would have everything on earth her fancy craved; she would have all Fraser's club friends, of whom he talked to her sometimes, admit her beauty—ah! what a flower they was marked out for her elastic little foot!

And yet—if she had prudently stopped and thought that fact!—Fraser had never yet said a word to her about marriage. He had made love to her—recklessly enough—but he had committed himself to no promises. In the simple village where she was reared, young men did not make love to young women unless they wished to marry them. She took everything for granted. She only wished that her admirer would be more impulsive and urge her to wed him before Mr. Rhodes' return; as then she would be driven from her present home and have no shelter proper to one of her expectations.

Two or three times she asked Mr. Harold, in her pretty, coquettish way, what he thought she ought to do when Mr. Rhodes came back, and had laughed, with some light assurance that she would be provided for.

Jasper's career had an ending in keeping with his soldier's devotion. When Moultrie's Second South Carolinians returned to Charleston after their defense of Fort Sullivan, and Sir Peter Parker's fleet had wholly disappeared in the offing, Mrs. Bernard Elliot, "one of the finest women of Charleston," presented the regiment with a stand of red and blue silk colors, richly embroidered with her own fair hands, and in the presentation speech adjured the regiment to defend the colors "as long as they can wave in the air of liberty." To which the sturdy Moultrie, for his men, gave a pledge that they should never be dishonored. These colors it was the pride of the bravest young officers to bear, and in redeeming their commander's pledge four gallant spirits perished—Jasper being the fourth.

At the assault on Savannah the Second South Carolinians, led by Lieut.-Col. Laurens, were given the heavy work of assaulting and carrying the Spring Hill redoubt—the most powerful all the defensive works—defended by Colonel Maitland's splendid grenadiers and dismounted dragoons. The story of that assault is told in the sketch of Pulaski and Lincoln]. It was an awful contest along the whole line. Men went down before the well-serve British artillery in great numbers. But, with a heroism that was sublime, the lines pressed on. The French, under D'Estate, pieced the works and reached the town, only to be engulfed by a cross-fire which sent them whirling back, decimated, to the rear. Huger and Pulaski on the left, along the river, pressed in between the redoubts only to find the way closed against them by the defeat of D'Estate on the front. But the Spring Hill fort was not to be won. Laurens' brave fellows, with undaunted dash, rushed to the assault, and, though their ranks were rent through and through, the silken colors were planted on the escarpment—alas! only to go down in blood. Lieutenants Bush and Hume, the bearers, were shot on the spot. Lieutenant Gray sprang forward to raise the colors, and he was slain in the effort. Then came Jasper, resolved to prevent the flag from falling into the enemy's hands. He leaped to Gray's side, and, seizing the flag, received his mortal wound. But he saved the standard, and the promise of the colonel was redeemed—the colors were not dishonored! When the retreat sounded, and, still holding his precious charge in his grasp, Jasper was taken from the ditch and borne to the rear, where he was soon visited by the gallant Major Horry. "I have got my furlough, major," he said. "That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for my conduct at Fort Moultrie. Give it to my fa-

ther, and tell him I have worn it with honor. If the old man should weep, tell him his son died in the hope of a better life. Tell Mrs. Elliot that I lost my life supporting the colors which you presented to our regiment. Should you ever see Jones, (the prisoner he had rescued at the spring near Savannah,) his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of that battle which he fought for them brought a secret joy to his heart when he was breathing his last."

That was the last of the brave Sergeant Jasper.

drawing-rooms like a fairy princess, smiling at her own beauty and longing for the time to come when she could wear her pretty things openly for Fraser's admiration, instead of being compelled to steal to him in the shadow and in her plainest garb.

All of a sudden, on the fifth of July, just a month after his departure, Mr. Rhodes returned to his house on Gramercy Park.

Without even a telegram to the housekeeper, he arrived one evening about nine o'clock. He asked for a cup of tea, and when she brought it up to him in the library, and he had hurried over a few questions about her health, the state of the house, and so forth, he added:

"And how about your young visitor, Mrs. Plimpton?—have you had any trouble with her?"

"None at all, sir. She's a bit vain and extravagant, I'm thinking, sir; but an innocent thing, quiet as a lamb."

"Been contented, shut up here alone as it were?"

"She ain't worried or complained a mite, sir. Never spoken to a soul but me, sir, all these weeks; yet she seems cheerful."

"You think, then, she is all right—that her story was not made up for the occasion, Mrs. Plimpton?"

"Oh, she's no bad one, Mr. Rhodes. I'm certain o' that. But what under the sun an' moon she's going to do, beats me. She ain't nowise confidential, sir; and she's made herself beautiful clothes, and says she'll have need of 'em."

"Perhaps she is going back to her father. I have often regretted that I did not answer his advertisement. She pleaded with me not to; yet she is too young to judge for herself. I am afraid I ought not to have listened to her."

Fraser was brave, to recklessness, but his debased moral nature quailed before the "righteous indignation" that flamed in the face of the man who confronted him. Yet he had no idea of giving up his prey. So infatuated had he become with the "canceled art and artlessness, the daring and simplicity, the cunning and childishness combined, of this beautiful girl, that it would now have been the blackest disappointment of his life to have snatched from under his influence by another.</

he half averted it from the eager glance of the great, soft eyes. The two others waited so long for his answer it seemed to them he had determined not to give it.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW DANGER.

AMONG the frequenters of the gambling-table at a certain German Spa, in the season of 1870, none attracted such universal attention as a certain American gentleman known there as Mr. Goldenough. It was not that he played with a dare-devil recklessness—not even that he had a marvelous run of luck which continued week after week and made him the envy of the old play-eaters who lived on the feverish drug of a morbid excitement—but that he was generally accompanied by his daughter—a young creature, scarcely seventeen, whose rare and delicate beauty, of a type to set raving the coldest critics of woman's loveliness, was enhanced by her evident utter indifference to it, and the sweetly-sad expression of a pair of blue eyes whose purity was like that of the deep Alpine lakes which mirror nothing but the heaven above them.

Tall and slender; with hair like the ripples of sun-burnished waves, coming low and thick over a smooth white forehead, there was a freshness perfectly exquisite in the pure pink and white of her complexion—a charm, of itself, seldom seen except in her own kind; while the short upper lip and the full under one, gave just enough promise of tenderness and warmth to soften the cold beauty of her other features. She was always dressed with plain elegance—no more coquetry in her attire than in her manner; always accompanied the pompous, handsome father who spent hours of every afternoon and evening at the magic tables; always waited with the same air of pensive indifference. Counts and dukes, barons and gay young bloods might stare at her by the hour; the only sign of consciousness of their observation she ever gave was to draw down her veil if any one's stare became insolent. So afraid of this loss to their feasting eyes did the lovers of beauty become, that they were extremely careful not to appear to be studying that fair countenance; and if some conceited fop, by too rude or prolonged a gaze, was the cause of the veil's coming down, he was frowned at as a common nuisance by the others. Young German artists, with wild, long hair and unkempt beards, would conceal their sketch-books behind the players, and steal the likeness of that loveliest face to reproduce it a thousand times afterward in their pictures. It came to be a question addressed to all new-comers—“Have you seen *la belle Americaine*?”

Men, high in the world of power and fashion, sought the acquaintance of the American banker and made themselves agreeable to him. He was genial and reciprocal; but he seldom introduced his daughter.

To Violet, this life she was leading with this new-found father of hers was strange as any page out of a book of fiction. She never could fully realize that it was herself who went through the quiet part, day after day, marked out for her by her manager; still less could she realize that this manager was her father, or that either was the sober deacon of the little Lycurgus church, the great man of the small New England village, toward whom, all her young life, she had felt a certain awe tempered by vague distrust.

On that afternoon when she had been accosted by Mr. Goldsborough on the road, near the bridge, and he begged her, impotently, to ride with him a little way while he could give her some messages for her mother, which he did not care to deliver personally, it was not until several miles had been passed over and her companion began to urge his horse to his utmost speed, that she realized his plan of abduction. She entreated him not to visit upon her his anger at others; but he reproached her as bitterly as unjustly of being the cause of his dear Floy's being driven to the rash step she had taken and swore a terrible oath that her friends should never hear of her until his own darling was found. He explained to her his rights, as her father; made her believe that no complaints of hers would be listened to by strangers or officials, when told that he was her legal guardian; painted to her timid mind the uselessness and unpleasantsness of public “scenes,” and had her so intimidated by the time they reached a distant town at nine that evening, that she never made a word of complaint to the people about her, but drank the cup of tea he procured for her at the railroad station, and entered the car, a little later, as he ordered her to do. It is probable that he got some person, by paying him, to mail his letter—which he had prepared beforehand—to Madame D'Eglantine, on a train going in the opposite direction and at some point south of Lycurgus. Certain it is, he and his unwilling companion went aboard a northern-bound train, and in due time reached Portland, where, after making a few necessary purchases for his daughter, he hurried her on board a vessel about to sail for Nova Scotia, and only delaying to weigh anchor until their arrival on board. Poor Violet's heart shrunk with dread from this man, who seemed capable of anything, now that the sheepskin, in which he had so long masqueraded, had fallen from his shoulders.

She resolved, when they reached the port

where they were to disembark and take the first New York steamer calling on its way to Liverpool, to run away and throw herself on the protection of strangers. But she had no money and no courage to place herself in so forlorn a condition, and, as Mr. Goldsborough had assured her he should return her to her mother as soon as certain negotiations pending between them were ended, she concluded to submit silently to his plans.

He compelled her to assume the dress of an English servant-girl, and himself was clothed like a rough farmer—they took second-cabin tickets, and her father told her, on the second day out, that there was not a person on the steamer who knew him.

Arrived in London rooms were taken in a retired inn in an old-fashioned part of the city; and here she was told to resume suitable attire, and was taken to a ladies' furnishing shop where liberal orders were given for a complete outfit suitable for a young lady about to travel on the continent.

They had then crossed the channel and gone immediately to this German Spa, where letters were already awaiting Mr. Goldenough, as he now gave his name. Here he took very handsome rooms in a private hotel, and told Violet, curiously, that she had nothing to do but see the world and enjoy herself. They had not been settled in their new quarters twenty-four hours before Mr. Goldenough began to haunt the roulette tables. He had nothing else to do. All the associations of his life were broken up—he was devoured with corroding anxieties and passions; and he could not await in idleness the result of the daring move he had last made. The game of chance offered itself as a temporary relief to his craving restlessness; he began to play, had unusual good fortune, and became in-

fatuated. It was just the medicine to a mind diseased as was his. For two or three hours each afternoon, and from eight to eleven each evening he was at his post, choosing his numbers and waiting the turn of the devilish little instrument with utter apparent coolness, no matter how large the risks. By one of those curious freaks of chance, such as sometimes gives the thirteen trumps to a whist-player, he was almost invariably a winner—until the proprietor of the establishment began to entertain secret thoughts of having him quietly assassinated, to prevent the breaking of the house.

Of course he felt, and knew, that his extraordinary luck must turn sometime to disaster. Within his own mind he resolved that at the first signs of a change, he would quit, not only the tables, but the town. A resolve about as wise as when one ventures into a quicksand with the resolution that when he is drawn in upon the knees he will begin to retreat.

Monsieur Goldenough never left his hotel to visit the gambling halls, or drive, or promenade, without compelling his daughter to attend him. He was constantly fearful that she might make the attempt to leave him. Even at night he kept the key of her sleeping-room, which opened on the corridor. Yet he might have allowed her more liberty—might have spared her, at least, the, to her, terribly disagreeable task of haunting the hells of Baden. For he never allowed her any money, although dressing her beautifully and giving her fine apartments—and Violet was too shrinking to attempt to dispose of her jewelry, or to venture a flight through a foreign country and over the Atlantic, had she thus procured the means of paying her way.

No wonder the melancholy which settled down upon her young spirit cast a cloud over her fair, pure, delicate face. The cause of that melancholy was the subject of much earnest discussion among the young snobs who made it a pious duty to devote a part of each day to worship at her shrine. *La belle Americaine* was rich and as only child, apparently—very devoted to her father, for was she not constantly with him? Such an instance of affection between parent and child was as rare as it was admirable!

Had she really lost her mother? No, for she was not in mourning. Was it then, an *affair de cœur*? Had the adorable young divinity fallen indiscretely in love with some youth, whose purse, or whose genealogical record was not long enough, and had her father brought her across the water to allow the tender impression to become obliterated by newer ones? So they chattered about our modest Violet—stared at her in love with each other, after his way.

It was a situation which *Florence* would have keenly enjoyed; but to Violet it was torture to keen. More than once, in those public places, the tears rushed into her eyes, and hung glittering on the long, down-bent lashes until they dried of themselves, far she dared not lift a hand to wipe them away.

If, by chance, M. Goldenough, pointing with his little stick to the numbers he considered lucky, and awaiting the turn of the wheel, raised his eyes to his daughter's patient face and saw it pale, or the mist gathering in her large blue eyes, a fiendish joy swelled in his heart. For he hated her! Hated her, because she had lived, in spite of him, and been the unconscious means of thwarting his plans for the only human being he had ever really loved—his other, favorite daughter.

The only real pleasure he had, away from the gaming-table, was in thoughts of the agony he had inflicted on the woman whom in youth he had so cruelly wronged; and in watching the sadness and longing creep over the face of the young creature whom he had chained to him.

To some natures, to wrong another is also to excite hatred of the one injured. It was so with this man. The trusting girl whom he had made his wife, only to heartlessly disown and desert when he found her claims to enormous wealth denied, had fought her way to triumph and success—for her child's sake—over a path of fire which would have blasted and killed any but a most heroic woman; and now he burned to be revenged on her that she had dared to live and struggle. He had formed a dastardly plan to strike so that the wound would hurt the most surely. She had said that at last she was independent of him, and in return he had robbed her of her child.

Beyond this brutal revenge he had also the purpose to benefit his own daughter. He could not endure to think that Violet would be heiress to estates that would rank with those of the richest nobles of France, and his Florence live on the rag-end of the small fortune not any too great for his own uses. He considered it a good joke to compel Madame D'Eglantine to contribute to the aggrandizement of his pet. If he could wring from her a noble sum for Florence to enjoy, there would be a spice of delight about the spending of that money which only an epicure in wickedness could fully relish.

He had letters from his agent, Blank, from time to time, giving reports of the progress of affairs in New York. On the day after the sailing of the Germania he received a cable dispatch, in cipher, informing him of the two passengers who had so quickly made up their minds to depart on that steamer.

Well! the season at the Spa was about closing.

He had thirty thousand dollars in gold more than when he set his foot on foreign soil; and had lived well all the time. He was quite ready for a move. He made his preparations for a trip up the Nile.

“Give me a week the start, and madame will have a fine time pursuing us!” he laughed to himself. “And if she overtakes us—what then? I shall demand my daughter before I give up hers! The game is in my own hands. I will have some amusement at madame's expense, and receive twenty thousand pounds from her as a gift to my pet!

“I need not leave Baden-Baden for six days yet,” he continued to muse. “In that time I must make the magic wheel turn a few times more for my benefit. And, by George, it will be a joke worth playing to marry this lily-faced daughter of mine to that old scamp of an English Jew baronet who asked me yesterday if he might pay his addresses to her! I'll invite him to join us on our excursion to Egypt; 'twill make it so pleasant for Miss Violet—ha! ha!”

It would seem as if, the lid of hypocrisy which had so long covered the seething caldron of Goldsborough's mind having been removed, all the hell-broth of the witches of the heat was steaming up out of it.

It is not strange that Violet, inexperienced in reading human nature, but quick-witted and observant, shrank more and more into herself, and continually suffered from a shuddering dread and distrust of this companion—this unloved father, the very echo of whose voice shook her soul with intangible terrors to which she could give no shape.

These terrors were fated to take shape quickly enough.

On the evening after reading the cable dispatch Mr. Goldsborough did not have his usual luck—he ventured more and more, losing every

time, much to the amusement and excitement of the spectators who had so long been interested in his wonderful good fortune. The news that the American was losing drew a crowd to watch his movements.

At length, when M. Goldenough had lost a twentieth part of his previous winnings, Sir Israel Benjamin laid his hand on his arm, in trepidation at seeing so much of the gold, which he already counted as his own, disappear out of his future.

“Come away, my friend,” he whispered, eagerly. “It is early,” responded the player, indifferently.

“You have forgotten your engagement with me?” persisted the baronet, aloud.

“Oh! if I have an engagement, that is a different thing!” said Mr. Goldenough, reluctantly rising; and he, his daughter, and the English baron walked away, followed by dozens of pairs of eyes and plenteous comments, among the latter the most frequent being:

“He will marry *la belle Americaine* to that old rogue!”

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

TOO LATE,

BY SERGT. LACY.

Shut down the night with a tempest rack
Dense and dark as a funeral pall,
While over the ocean's midnight black
The floods of the tempest rear and call.

Frantic in their furious might
The living waters writh and roar;
Crowned with foam and ghastly light,
They spend their fury on the shore.

Now, rushing on with frenzied glee
To burst the barriers of their lair,
Then baffled, sink back to the sea
In sheets of phosphorescent glare.

Hark! Over the wild, tormented waste
Shrieks and howls increase the din;
The anguish of ocean's dead unchaste
That lie engulfed in depths within.

Oh, storm-clad night! This wild, weird hour
Of ravaging billows and tempest clouds
Is ruled by a wilder power
Whose sable pall my heart enshrouds.

O'er my memory fly the years
That lie between my youth and now,
Those jeweled hopes unknown to fears
Of well won wreaths to crown my brow.

As well with folded hands sit still,
At the world like a clown to gape and gaze,
As own the wasted hours that fill
The measure of my life's fruitless days.

Too late for laurels! too late for fame!
Thunders the sea like a doom of death,
Too late to carve on the heights a name,
Mocks the blast—too late! too late!

OLD DAN RACKBACK,

The Great Exterminator:

OR,
THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF “HAPPY HARRY,” “IDAHO TOM,”

“DAKOTA DAN,” “OLD HURRICANE,”

“HAWKEYE HARRY,” ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANTELOPE ARTH'S REVELATION.

THE REPORT of the rifle and the simultaneous fall of Christie Dorne into the arms of her young friend, Amy Loomis, led to one conclusion—Christie had been shot! Her brother ran to the tent and lifted her in his arms, calling her name in tones of distress; but there was no response.

“Major, my sister has been killed—assassinated by some lurking fiend!”

“I see no wound, Herbert,” said the bluff old major, who, assisted by Amy, examined the unconscious girl.

Meanwhile, a number of the rangers had hurried away in the direction from whence the rifle report came; and before Christie's friends had discovered the fact, one of them came back with the report that the shot had been fired by one of the guards at a skulking wolf, and not at the maiden.

“She has fainted away, Herbert,” said Amy, excitedly. “She has been very nervous and excited all the evening.”

“Yes, yes,” replied the major, “she must be kept quiet. Her nervous system is completely prostrated by the ordeal through which she has passed. The least excitement brings on a lapse. No doubt the story of Squire Bandy produced this shock. She must be kept quiet, I say, Herbert.”

The major's words were not disregarded, and the greatest silence and caution were observed by the rangers after the maiden had been nursed back to life by her friends. Amy Loomis and Christie's brother remained in the tent with her, and after she had fully recovered her consciousness, Amy went out, leaving the brother and sister alone.

Herbert sat down upon a camp-stool, and resting his elbows upon his knee and his head upon his palms, became deeply absorbed in silent thought. Christie noticed his reflective mood, and she knew by the occasional deepening sighs that he was troubled. Finally she said:

“Herbert, your hunting excursion is turning out to be an excursion of trouble, instead of pleasure.”

“Yes, Christie; it has been one of continual difficulties ever since we left the settlement. I think if the Government troops can't keep the outlaw Indians in their reservation, they had better delegate the authority to the settlers and then we will have some amusement at madame's expense, and receive twenty thousand pounds from her as a gift to my pet!”

The major's words were not disregarded, and the greatest silence and caution were observed by the rangers after the maiden had been nursed back to life by her friends. Amy Loomis and Christie's brother remained in the tent with her, and after she had fully recovered her consciousness, Amy went out, leaving the brother and sister alone.

Herbert, sat down upon a camp-stool, and resting his elbows upon his knee and his head upon his palms, became deeply absorbed in silent thought. Christie noticed his reflective mood, and she knew by the occasional deepening sighs that he was troubled. Finally she said:

“Herbert, your hunting excursion is turning out to be an excursion of trouble, instead of pleasure.”

“Yes, Christie; it has been one of continual difficulties ever since we left the settlement. I think if the Government troops can't keep the outlaw Indians in their reservation, they had better delegate the authority to the settlers and then we will have some amusement at madame's expense, and receive twenty thousand pounds from her as a gift to my pet!”

Christie turned white, and for a moment it seemed she would sink fainting to the earth. Amy, the beautiful child of the hills, for such Antelope Arth really was, saw her emotions, and at once came to her rescue, as it were.

“Do not fear me, Christie,” she said; “for although I love Idaho Tom, I feel no envy, no jealousy.”

“Yes, I am Ares,” replied the youth, and he showed that his mustache was false, and that the nut-brown color of his little hands and handsome face was the stain of walnut-juice.

“I am a robber's daughter, and have feared being recognized by Kit Bandy more than all others here. He was formerly of our band, and when he recognized my horse and saddle I was sure he would then penetrate my disguise. But, fortunately, he has not, nor do I want him to. I donned this disguise for one purpose—that I might be near the man I loved—Idaho Tom. I recognized you by the picture in his possession, then by keeping on the alert I overheard enough to satisfy me that you loved, and were loved, and that Idaho Tom was the man. Then weaving the different threads together that I had thus picked up, and adding one other fact—that which caused you to sink in a swoon last night—I discovered a secret of which you and I alone, of all here, have the faintest idea.”

Christie turned white, and for a moment it seemed she would sink fainting to the earth. Amy, the beautiful child of the hills, for such Antelope Arth really was, saw her emotions, and at once came to her rescue, as it were.

“Do not fear me, Christie,” she said; “for although I love Idaho Tom, I feel no envy, no jealousy.”

“Yes, I am Ares,” replied the youth, and he showed that his mustache was false, and that the nut-brown color of his little hands and handsome face was the stain of walnut-juice.

“I am a robber's daughter, and have feared being recognized by Kit Bandy more than all others here. He was formerly of our band, and when he recognized my horse and saddle I was sure he would then penetrate my disguise. But, fortunately, he has not, nor do I want him to. I donned this disguise for one purpose—that I might be near the man I loved—Idaho Tom. I recognized you by the picture in his possession, then by keeping on the alert I overheard enough to satisfy me that you loved, and were loved, and that Idaho Tom was the man. Then weaving the different threads together that I had thus picked up, and adding one other fact—that which caused you to sink in a swoon last night—I discovered a secret of which you and I alone, of all here, have the faintest idea.”

Christie turned white, and for a moment it seemed she would sink fainting to the earth. Amy, the beautiful child of the hills, for such Antelope Arth really was, saw her emotions, and at once came to her rescue, as it were.

“Do not fear me, Christie,” she said; “for although I love Idaho Tom, I

made no dissent, and so they drew rein in a wooded valley, where grass, water and fuel could be obtained.

As it wanted an hour or two yet of night, Dan proposed to Kit that they make a reconnaissance of the surrounding vicinity, and his proposition being accepted, the two left camp, going in opposite directions.

The old men had been gone scarcely ten minutes ere a number of mounted men rode out of the woods and surrounded the camp of the rangers. They were dressed in the uniform of United States soldiers, whom the rangers knew, at a glance, they were.

"Gentlemen, I demand your unconditional surrender," said the captain in command.

Although the rangers were completely taken by surprise, they were not long in deciding upon their course of action, and at once manifested a disposition to refuse the officer's demands.

Said Darcy Cooper, to whom the young men now looked as spokesman:

"We feel that we are under no military restrictions, and have the privilege of refusing your demands."

"Sir, we have instructions to arrest and conduct from these hills all persons found here in violation of the Government's treaty with the Indians; therefore we insist upon a peaceful surrender."

"We are not a band of cowards, by any means, captain," responded Cooper; "and while we feel no fear whatever, we should like to have an amicable understanding that we may be permitted to pursue our way into the hills. We have but one object now in view, in coming here, and that is the rescue of a friend in the power of a band of outlaws, and soon as he is safe, it is our intention to leave at once."

"Then I am to understand that you will resist any attempt to stop you from advancing further?" said the officer, though he maintained his composure with remarkable good grace.

"You are, captain," was Darcy's firm reply. "But we have quite a little army encamped near here, under General Custer, with which I am afraid you would stand no show whatever."

"Very probably, if we have the army to contend with; but I think if our case, with some additional facts, were stated to the general, he would allow us to pass on un molested."

"As to that, I cannot say," answered the officer; "but as I am acting under instructions, I—"

"What in the great horn of Joshua means this?" exclaimed a voice near, and Kit Bandy came blustering into camp. "Sojers, by crackle! Howdy, boys!"

The soldiers regarded the old man with a look of the deepest curiosity, and a smile mounted the face of some, as Kit struck an attitude before them.

Darcy Cooper explained the situation briefly as possible, and asked Kit's opinion.

"Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit, scratching his head, reflectively, "this is a ruther perplexin' attitude to pass judgment on. I can't see how we can give up our pursuit, even if Uncle Sam is desirous of keepin' inviolate his contract with the Indians. I notice the red varmints are not so partic'lar 'bout keepin' up their side of the fence. But, captain, I really can't see how we can s'render without a fight."

"We are not insisting on a fight," replied the officer, for he saw that there was mettle in the little band of rangers worthy of his own steel; "we only desire that you submit to be quietly escorted from this reservation."

"I wish old Dan—yil war here," said Kit, perplexed, "and I think he would settle things his way. But see here, cap'in, you leave yer men here to watch these boys, and take me up to the general, and I'll bet a fip that I talk him outen takin' us away afore we git our friend."

The captain accepted this proposition, for it would afford the opportunity to make the situation known at camp without creating any mistrust in the breast of the rangers. He was really afraid to attempt coercive measures, for he saw the boys were well armed and ready for fight; and so he dismounted, and leading his horse, walked with old Kit up the valley toward camp.

As they moved along, the captain noticed that there was a material change in both the appearance and talk of the old borderman, and at once came to the conclusion that he was playing a part. But it was no trouble for Kit Bandy to play a double role, for he had already proved himself one of those persons past finding out.

Ten minutes' walk brought them to the edge of the camp; they passed the guard and moved on toward General Custer's tent. On the way they met the general, to whom the captain introduced Kit, and explained the latter's mission of an interview with the commandant.

Custer led the way to his tent, that was located at the base of a high shelving rock, and when it was reached they entered. The general seated himself upon a camp stool, and motioned Kit to a seat opposite. By this time it was dark, and the tent was lit up with a dim light from a pocket lantern.

"Now, then," said the general, "I am ready to bear what you have to say."

"To begin with, general," said Kit, modifying his tone to a degree that would have surprised his friends, "I will say, that, should the secret that I am going to reveal to you become known to some—well, should it become generally known, it would cost me my life."

"I fully comprehend," said the general;

"I daresay, general, I have appeared for an old fool, and have been taken as such; but that's not business. Here's a document," said Kit, producing a stained and dirty paper from an inner pocket, "that I want you to examine, and then see, sir, what you have to offer on the subject."

The general took the paper, and in the dim light that lit up the tent, examined it carefully—reading it over a number of times. Kit watched the man's face, and finally detected a faint light of satisfaction upon it.

Finally the general lifted his eyes from the paper and said:

"But what about those rangers? Have you or they a—"

"That, general—that," interrupted Kit, pointing his long, bony finger at the paper, "gives me the right to call assistance if needed, don't you see?"

"Then those men are under your command, are they?"

"Wal," said Kit, squirming under the question, "I—i rather think they are, general."

"You think they are?"

"No; I don't think anything about it—I know it," said Kit, his quick mind grasping at a plausible, and at the same time, truthful subterfuge.

"Then I presume I have no grounds for interference, Mr. Bandy," said the general, "and will allow you to pass on unmolested."

"Thank you, general, thank you; but I've

one request to make of you, and that is this: don't let any one git a hold of what I've told you, for I'd not be safe 'mong friends or foes if it got out."

"I shall not break confidence with you, Mr. Bandy."

"Very well, then, our affairs are understood—you go your way and I go mine, and mum's the word."

"Exactly."

Kit rose to leave. He advanced to the door of the tent, turned to bid the general good-night, when his keen eye happened to catch sight of a dark, spherical object under the general's camp-stool. It was shaded from the light, and what it was, Kit could not determine at a glance, but it arrested his attention from some cause or other; and a moment later a cry of surprise broke from his lips.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bandy?" asked the general, starting to his feet, and permitting the light to fall almost under the stool.

"By the horn of Joshua!—general, I'm gone up!"

"Why?"

"Don't you keep guards posted 'round camp?"

"I do; but I declare this is gettin' to be—"

"Look there, general; do you see that slit in the canvas just back of your stool?—well, sir, if an eavesdropper, human head wasn't withdrawn from there this moment, I hope I may never breathe."

"Then it was none of my men!" exclaimed the general, and rushing out, he gave orders to have the skulking enemy down.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DAKOTA DAN'S ADVENTURES.

DAKOTA DAN and his dog made their way north, after parting with the rangers at camp. Their course lay along a rough, wooded ridge, that finally dipped into a wide, densely-timbered valley; and despite the old man's efforts, it was nearly dusk ere he reached this low-land. He turned down the valley, moving along briskly for nearly a mile, when he was brought to a sudden halt by sight of a number of camp-fires twinkling through the night breeze.

"By Judea, Humility!" he exclaimed, in an undertone, stooping and laying his hand upon the dog's head significant of silence; "that's either Ingins, or robbers, or a gang of miners thereabouts; and if it's robbers, the young captain may be with them. Howsumdever, we'll feel off that way and make some inquiry. Now go easy, Humility—easy."

He stole like a shadow down the valley, keeping well in under the eastern bluffs. The forms of men passing to and fro across the light became discernible as he advanced, and as one fire after another burst on his view as he rounded a sharp curve in the valley, he became somewhat astonished as well as apprehensive of danger. He finally, however, succeeded in making out the encampment as that of a military party, and the discovery served, in a measure, to quiet his fears.

Dan stopped to deliberate upon the matter, and while thus engaged, he saw an officer and Kit Bandy making their way toward the only tent in the bivouac—the head-quarters of the commandant. He saw by Kit's gesture and movements throughout that the old ex-robber was unusually enthusiastic over something or other, and no sooner did he disappear in the general's tent than the spirit of curiosity possessed him. Why it was he could not tell, for no thought suggested it. He did not mistrust Kit in any way, and yet that unbidden desire which often forces one to act upon the spur of the moment, and contrary to what they would have taken the second thought, seized upon Dan, and sent him creeping with all the silence of a cat toward the tent.

He had everything in his favor so far as darkness and the cover of rock and brush were concerned. To the perpendicular fagade of the bluff flanking the camp on the north, and against which the tent stood, was entreated the guardianship of that side; and so the old ranger encountered no picket there when he reached the bluff. This much accomplished, he began to descend the declivity, and in a minute he was in the rear of the tent. Creeping on hands and knees to the side of the structure, he listened. He heard the preliminaries that prefaced the opening of the occupants' conversation, but not being satisfied with this, he inserted the point of his knife into the canvas behind the general, and cut a slit through which he could put his head. He felt safe enough in doing this, for he could see the outlines of the general through the canvas, and with his head half-thrust through the slit, he listened to the two men's conversation.

The old ranger was not a little surprised at what he heard Kit state, and yet it was but evidence of what he had mistrusted as soon, almost, as he met him. But what Kit Bandy's mission could be, he could not form the faintest conception. However, he resolved to hear the conversation through, and did so—withstanding his head from the tent a moment too late to escape the keen eyes of Kit Bandy.

"You are very good, Arthur, and I enjoy your enthusiasm over these little trifles, for after all, they go far toward making up the happiness of a woman's life."

"Thanks, Alda; but not half so good as you in loving me so tenderly and loyally. But I was bothered about one thing, sweet."

"What was it? Maybe I can help you."

"Your writing desk—it was such a gem—I don't believe you can ever write anything but poetry at it. I could not get a place in the library to suit me. This light was too dark and that was too dull. I fancied it needed a soft, mellow light, so I set it in your room and will leave you to arrange a place for it. I flatten myself that everything else will please you."

"The pictures?"

"They are all hung. I can hardly tell you now where each one is. The 'Beatrice Cenci,' I hung over the library door which enters to your room."

"Why, what made you give it such a poor place as that?"

"For just one little reason of my own. Her great, sad suffering eyes, with their strange mixture of submissive patience and self-assertion, are to me duplicates of your own eyes. So I hung it there as a reminder to me that the door beneath it opens to a place sacred to love, wherein the goddess of my life presides; also, that when the door is shut your face shall still look down upon me and follow me with their guardful tenderness."

"Through your love and fancy, Arthur, make my eyes to-day as luminous as Psyche's, tomorrow those who love most and dream most, may forget that I ever existed; for who can determine now whether Psyche, the very idol of all poets, was a reality or a dream?"

"But to-morrow you will be all the reality my life shall ever know, for when the priest has his service, and the witnesses have written their names, and your dainty finger has a new ring upon it, I shall put you down in the pretty blue and gold room where Beatrice keeps guard. After that you shall dismiss or retain the historical sentinel, as you please, for you shall fill all my tomorrow with your own sweet self. But remember, we are to be promptly at the church at four. Good-by, sweet, till then."

Her eyes filled up with tears, and she clung to him tenderly as if she would not have him go, but she only said:

"Well, Arthur, let Beatrice stay where she is, and whenever you look at her, think of me—if you will."

Arthur went away, busy and happy with thoughts for his wedding day.

Alda stood still until the door had closed behind him, and then she clasped her hands and raising them to the blank walls before her, she cried:

"What am I, that I should deceive and deserve such a man?"

"We twain once well in sunder. What will the mad gods do? For hate with me, I wonder. Or what for love with you?"

When Arthur went on the morrow where many guests were assembled for the wedding, the white-robed bride was gone. No one

knew where. But in her room was found a note for Arthur Leroy, which read:

"Arthur, forgive. I have not meant to deceive you. How it came about I hardly know any better than yourself. But it is true, almost as much to my surprise as to your own, that when you read this I shall be the wife of Howard Russell. Farewell, and may your noble heart find peace in forgetfulness of ALDA."

Five years after Arthur Leroy was standing watching the dark-eyed picturesque group which sat on the gray steps of the Trinita di Monte in Rome.

While he stood and looked, a tall, graceful woman, dressed in mourning, came down the street, paused and stood beside herself. She glanced hurriedly at the same fancifully dressed throng through which his own eyes were scrutinizing.

Arthur was pursuing his art studies at Rome, and was searching for a model. The woman beside him was on a similar mission. She, however, seemed to find none among the group to suit her, and started to go. As she turned their glances met. Arthur and Alda were face to face!

Her eyes were sadder than ever.

"Arthur! Arthur!" she exclaimed in surprise, holding out her white, slender hand.

The blood receded from her face, and left it white as marble. The old life, the old pain surged back.

He took the hand she extended, and said, in a cool, calm voice:

"Why, Mrs. Russell, I am surprised to meet you here. In search of a model, too?" he added quickly, and with wonderful self-possession, in order to turn the conversation from personal subjects.

"Yes," she said, "but finding none in the street down which I came, nor here, to suit my purpose, I am going to the Piazza di Spagna. Won't you join me, and tell me how you are and how you have been?"

He walked beside her, as she started off, saying:

"Thanks! As to how I am now—well; how I have been I have forgotten."

She felt the little thrust, but it was easy for her woman's wit to parry it, by saying, with her old native's manner:

"Well, you see the influence of your taste has had its influence upon me. I have turned artist myself."

"You did not have to turn artist; you were always one by nature."

She saw clearly enough that the steel was still in this man's soul. She knew that she herself had thrust it there, five years ago. She resolved to pluck it out, here and now. The time and place were unsuited to her purpose. But, perhaps, no other occasion would ever occur.

"I did not think I should ever meet you in Rome," he said.

"Nor I," said Alda; "but Mr. Russell died a few years ago and left me almost without means or resources or any kind."

She paused, but the announcement of the death of the man who had robbed Arthur Leroy of his bride, drew no comment from his set lips. She had long ago taught him to endure surprises in silence.

"Then I came here to study and to learn—if I can—the dream toil of an artist's life."

"In which calling you have my best wishes for your success, and my service is always at your command," he said, with unfeigned sin cerity.

"Your good wishes, Arthur, are grateful to me; and I shall be only too glad to avail myself of your valuable suggestions if—if I may only feel and know that I am forgiven."

"You are forgiven, but I do not forget. Everything which I put into your room is there, untouched, from that day to this. The door has been locked; the long curtains at the windows are drawn down, the blinds are closed, and a deep shadow rests upon all within. So the doors and windows are closed about the memory in my heart. The shadow rested there also a long time. But it soon will be lifted. The 'Beatrice' I brought with me and put it above my door here in Rome as an emblem of the guard which had taught me to set upon my heart. At last I have found one pair of eyes more luminous among the shadows than are those of Beatrice or Psyche."

"You are very good, Arthur, and I enjoy your enthusiasm over these little trifles, for after all, they go far toward making up the happiness of a woman's life."

"What was it? Maybe I can help you."

"Your writing desk—it was such a gem—I don't believe you can ever write anything but poetry at it. I could not get a place in the library to suit me. This light was too dark and that was too dull. I fancied it needed a soft, mellow light, so I set it in your room and will leave you to arrange a place for it. I flatten myself that everything else will please you."

"The hand upon his arm trembled, and the great, grand woman at his side grew deadly pale and swayed forward as they walked. He drew the hand more securely through his arm, and added:

"Will you pause at the di Spagna, or shall I see you to your hotel?"

"We will go on, if you please. Thanks for your kindness."

CENTENNIAL DINING.

BY CHARLIE MORRIS.

I marked them both, a fresh young pair; He had got the hay seed out of his hair; And his only agricultural dash Was the cultivating a young mustache: A tall, slim youth of noble blood, For his pedigree ran to the flood; And his coat of arms, as the records show, Was a narrow border with rake and hoe. And she was a maiden fair and spry, With a touch of mischief in her eye— A lively, tripping, merry elf! With the best opinion of herself; Dressed *a la mode*, pull-back and all, From overskirt to waterfall. That fashion bids, and with every group Of a loving maid—except the heart.

In a Centennial saloon
The sat that sunny afternoon,
All the curiosities thing to see
That girl's feast of gastronomy.
Straight through the bill of fare she ate,
While he sat by with joy slate;
But I saw a sudden anguish fill
His face as he read the frightful bill.

A charge for waiter, a charge for chair,
A charge for bringing the bill of fare,
A charge for wine, a charge for ice,
A charge for reasonable price
For every items, from soup to wine,
That folks dispose of when they dine.
'Twas the roundest of round sums, I feel,
That was footed up for that square meal.

Blue as skim-milk that young man grew
As in the till his purse he threw,
And up the spout, with recklessness flung,
Sent his gold through the ring.
He who he saw that sad young swain—
The waiter eye his watch and chain
Straight out he slid, and sloped away
Like a honey bee on a holiday.

His damsel smiled; and then I think,
I actually saw that girl wink,
At least there was a monstrous smile
Curl in the corner of her eye.
He who he saw that sad young swain—
I wanted to write her epithaph,
For it seemed to me a shame untold
The way that trusting youth was sold.

All unsophisticated youth
Who dwell 'twixt Boston and Duluth,
My warning take, beware the girls!
Avoid the witchcraft of their curls;
And do not even take your aunt
To a Centennial restaurant,
Till you have learned how far to dare
The perils of their bill of fare.

Love Through Tears.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It was almost dark of a windy, storm-suggesting January night, and occasional sharp drops of sleet that came driving stingingly against Edgar Bloomfield's bronzed cheeks made him just a little homesick and lonely, as he found himself walking up one of the aristocratic avenues of New York city toward Josiah Otis' mansion.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a handsome head set firmly, strengthfully, on his neck—with a frank, good-looking face, that Bertha Otis had very greatly admired the summer before, when she and her father had spent several weeks, during the time Mr. Otis was so dismally threatened with apoplexy, at the hospitable farm-house of cousin Bloomfield.

Not that Edgar and Bertha were nearer related than third cousinship, but they had laughingly declared it should be regarded as nearer, and pretty, graceful Bertha had insisted on calling him "cousin Edgar" and at the same time giving him such glances of her dark-brown eyes from under the coquettish lawn hat that it had more than once occurred to Edgar to wish she would not consider him any relation at all.

It had been a grand, glorious summer, whose memory, lighted by Bertha's eyes and Bertha's smile, and Bertha's earnest invitation for him to "come see them at home, some time," made the young man's heart bounce very unbecomingly as he walked up the avenue, watching the numbers on the massive, elegant doors, and feeling very much as if heaven were close at hand as he caught the first glimpse of the Otis palatial home.

He had contemplated it so long, so eagerly—this visit to New York, when he should renew his sweet intimacy with Bertha, and hear her call him "cousin Ed" in the same low tones that had made his heart throb so when they had floated down Pond Lily stream with the tide, on long, sultry summer days, or when they had taken delightful strolls on breezy moonlight nights, and Bertha's white fingers had rested so confidingly on his coat-s'eeve, and those wondrous witching eyes of hers had glanced up, or hid under long-lashed, blue-veined lids, as the mood took her dainty princesship.

Oh, those days! those dreams! their blissful memory was on him so strongly as he rung the door-bell, half nervously, half impatiently, and listened to the music from within the brilliantly-lighted rooms, and heard occasional peals of light, refined laughter, as he awaited the answer to his summons, waited and congratulated himself that he had "happened" on "company night"—little imagining it was a fair sample of every night's gayety at the Otis mansion.

The well-trained servant that opened the door made no demonstration at sight of the big, broad-shouldered, undeniably country-born, country-bred guest, and bowed as he would have done had Miss Bertha's specially favored admirer, young Delavan Gregory, of Fifth avenue *creme de la creme*, stood on the threshold.

"I've come to see Mr. Otis and the family. I suppose they're at home."

In a second he was ushered, with a clear, loud announcement, into the fairyland of the Otis saloons.

And truly it was like a picture to the bewil dered guest, whose tastes, so wholesome and simple, had received equally wholesome and simple stimulant.

It dazzled him for a moment—the glare and rainbow glitter of the chandeliers, the translucent softness of pale rose-pink silk curtains; the flash of the mirrors, the gleam of marble, the rich hues of the carpets and the satin damask furniture, the fragrance of the hot-house flowers, the shimmer and rustle of silk drapery, the bright glances of eyes—and among them all the fairest, sweetest, best, daintily little Bertha Otis, looking like a very queen of grace and beauty in a costume of ecru-perle silk that floated like moonlight sea-waves around her.

Edgar went straight up to her, his frank, glad face showing all his pride and delight, and extended his big, ungloved hand in a grasp that almost crushed her tiny kidded palm.

"Bertha! how good it is to see you again! And you look just as sweet as a peach, too."

A little titter from an elaborately gotten-up young lady standing near made Ed's honest face flame crimsonly; then a haughty, annihilating glance from Bertha's own beautiful eyes made him pale.

"Thank you, Mr. Bloomfield. I believe the season we boarded at your farm improved my health somewhat."

Was this Bertha—the girl he had dreamed of, the girl he had hated to hear call him "cousin"—Bertha Otis, who had ridden on the hay-loads, and gone fishing with him, openly

repudiating him and actually insulting him in her own house!

He bowed somewhat awkwardly, and turned to speak to Mr. Otis who shook hands hurriedly, as if anxious to have it over.

"Glad to see you, my boy! Down for a lark, eh? Hope you'll make yourself at home, and all that, you know."

And then Ed sat down in a big chair and watched the dancers through the set, and saw Bertha's pretty little coquettishness with Mr. Delavan Gregory, and saw that gentleman's undisguised admiration of the girl, and heard Miss Delaphine Gregory laugh and glance over at him, and then he knew it was better he should go.

"I am not wanted here, that's sure. I wouldn't care—only—only—for Bertha to treat me so."

And it cut deeper yet when, after hunting her up to say good-by, he was rewarded by a courteous bow only, as she took Mr. Gregory's arm and promenaded away.

And the next day Ed was at home on the farm, with an expression of touching sadness on his face that his old mother wondered at, and shrewdly guessed. And the winter days wore on, teaching Ed Bloomfield the lesson that makes wiser people of those who have it to learn, hard, pitifully hard though the learning is—the humanizing of one's ideal, the waking from the one sweet dream of one's life, the knowledge that all the beauty and hope that glorified one's days was but an illusion.

"I am sure I don't see how I can help you, Bertha, any more than I have done. I have advised you and you refuse to take it. You can't surely blame me."

Bertha Otis smoothed the snow-white curls of her lap-dog, and Bertha Otis, pale as a lily, with her deep black clothes trailing like the very shadow of darkness around her slight figure, had to use all her self-control to keep back the tears that so wanted to come.

It was all so hard, all so new and strange from the heavy mourning garments she had put on, when her father had been carried home dead from his office, to this present moment, when, hurled from her lifetime position of luxury, wealth and social distinction, Bertha found herself pleading for assistance whereby she might earn her daily bread—pleading with Blanche Gregory, who had been her dearest intimate friend, whose aristocratic brother had been almost an accepted lover, and who, now that trouble had come, was among the very first to proclaim her indifference.

Bertha looked piteously down in Miss Gregory's insipid face.

"But, Blanche, what in Heaven's name shall I do?"

Somewhat she had so depended on the friend-ship Blanche had so often sworn.

"Do! Haven't I told you I haven't the smallest idea of what you will do? Of course, if you don't see fit to accept the position of nursery governess to Mrs. Finchendown, I can't help it. You can't expect to look to me, you know."

Bertha swallowed a miserable lump in her throat.

"I know, only—"

Blanche interrupted impatiently.

"For Heaven's sake, don't begin to cry, Bertha! If there's anything I detest it is a woman with red eyes and puffy cheeks."

"I am not going to cry, Blanche, but I want to ask if you know—"

Miss Gregory put Floss down tenderly, then shook her silken skirts carefully; but there was iciest heartlessness in her voice when she answered:

"I don't know anything about it, and really you will have to excuse me, Bertha. I promised De'la'yan we would call on the Jeromes this afternoon, and I've to dress yet."

She turned to her dressing-room with a cutting dismissal of manner that was pitifully painful to the desolate, friendless girl, whose most intimate associates had all dropped her, if not so heartlessly as Blanche Gregory and Delavan.

That was not the end of slights and bitter troubles—it was far nearer the beginning, and in weary days that followed Bertha Otis learned to her complete satisfaction just what the kisses and caresses of enthusiastic girl friends, the compliments and attentions of gentlemen admirers had been worth.

Days and days followed, when all the world was fair and beautiful to see in her spring gala array, when Bertha toiled and struggled in one position after another, not suiting here for one reason, not suiting there for another, until, when fierce midsummer heats poured down on sweltering New York, she was at the end of her resources—homeless, moneyless almost, and oh! so inexpressibly lonely and heartsick.

The long shadows of a July sunset were lying goldenly astern the big, old-fashioned grassplot in front of the Bloomfield farmhouse kitchen-door, and motherly, good-natured-faced Mrs. Bloomfield stood in the doorway, shading her eyes with a big flapping sun-bonnet, with her gaze directed toward the low-lying meadow lands where the broad-brimmed hats of the farm hands were bobbing industriously—where she knew Edgar was, with rolled-up shirt-sleeves and cheery face, hard at work as any of them.

Within, the supper-table was loaded with rare home-made dainties—sweetest of sweet butter and white bread, and pearly cottage cheese; with great pitchers of icy-cool milk and a huge strawberry shortcake in the post of honor at the center.

Mrs. Bloomfield turned from the calm, peaceful scene without, and a second later some one turned the angle of the house, and glided swiftly in through the open door.

"Mercy sakes alive! Bertha Otis! What on earth is the matter?"

And Bertha, all of a tremble, with her lips quivering piteously, and her eyes glistening with tears, put her arms imploringly around the old lady's neck.

"Don't send me away! I am poor—oh, so poor, and papa has been dead so long, and I haven't another friend in the world if you desert me! I will scrub and wash and—"

Mrs. Bloomfield patted the thin, white cheek, affectionately.

"You poor dear, as if I could find it in my heart to send you away! Take off your things, and by the time Edgar gets in—" And Edgar walked in that very instant, sun-browned, honest-faced, glorious-hearted.

"I thought I knew you, little cousin, when you passed the meadow, and I came to give you welcome."

He gave her his hand, and Bertha, instead of taking it, like a sensible girl, burst into a perfect torrent of tears.

"Oh, Ed—how can you? after the way I—" A comical little smile on his face accompanied his answer.

"Never mind anything about anything. Here you are at Vine Creek Farm, where there's plenty to spare, and here you stay, until mother can bring the roses back, and some more flesh to your poor face. And a glass of milk and a big slice of short-cake'll be a capital beginning—won't it, mother?"

And they wouldn't let her cry—those two grand, old-fashioned folks, to whom Bertha Otis in her adversity was no less than in her prosperity. And Bertha went about the house with quiet, patient, grave and sweet humility, that made her very like the dream-angel of two years ago.

The latest October glories were on the trees, and fresh frosty scenes of coming winter were in the clear, golden, blue air, and Bertha Otis went softly down the lane, in the moonlight, with a white cloud over her beautiful dusky hair, and a graver, more thoughtful expression than usual on her sweet, sensitive lips—an expression that changed suddenly as she came face to face with Edgar, strolling as leisurely as herself, in the charming moonlight.

"Is it you, Bertha? Why, what brings you out?"

She flushed a little as she took his arm.

"I came to think—that is all. You know I have been here a long while, Edgar, and now, that I am stronger and better and happier every way, I think I ought to be making an effort to earn my own living again."

Edgar looked down at her white face, so calmly sweet.

"You are 'happier,' Bertha? Then why leave happiness? Surely it is so easily found. Are you *sure* you are happier—and have I had any thing to do with it? Bertha! cousin Bertha, dear little girl, won't you promise to stay always and make me the happiest man in the world? Dear, you must have known I always loved you just as I do now."

He felt her shiver on his arm.

"Oh, Edgar! How can you love me—I don't deserve it—I am not worthy to hear such words—I—"

He lifted her chin so that their eyes met.

"Bertha, one word only. Do you love me?"

The answer came quick, eager, impulsive.

"Oh, yes! yes! But—"

He took her in his arms, to his great, true heart.

"There is no 'but' about it. You love me, my darling, and I love you, and you will be my own precious wife."

She raised her brimming eyes, in happy pride, to his face.

"I never can be worthy of you, Edgar, but if God spares me, you never shall regret this. Oh, Edgar, you are so good—so good!"

And she never had occasion to alter her enthusiastic opinion.

THE MINISTER'S ESCAPE.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

It is the interior of Kentucky there is a car tain spot where two roads cross each other, known as Harp's Head Crossing, a somewhat singular name, and yet rendered entirely appropriate by reason of a tragedy that was once enacted upon the ground.

As is the case with all newly settled countries, Kentucky soon became the refuge, or "stampin' ground," as it was termed, for many of the most desperate characters, whose deeds had caused them to be driven from civilization beyond the mountains.

Among these were two brothers, known as Big and Little Harpe, whose exploits so far exceeded all others in savage bloodthirstiness and wanton cruelty, that at last the entire country arose, and they were hunted down and slain like wild beasts.

For several years they thus devastated the State, always commencing their raid at some remote point and then sweeping forward in a direct line with astonishing rapidity, ruthlessly murdering all who fell into their hands, and leaving behind a wide swath of desolation by fire.

Always mounted upon the best of horses, stolen of course, they were enabled to move in such manner as to defy pursuit, heading for some mountainous district, where, amid the ravines and dense thickets, they would break the trail and disappear for a brief season.

But this could not continue always, and at length justice overtook the fiends.

In one of their periodical raids the brothers came upon an isolated cabin, owned by a settler named Leeper, who, with his wife and two children, had, the previous year, come into the wilderness and established a home.

Leeper was away in the forest after game when the Harpes rode up and demanded rest and food for themselves and horses.

With willing hands the housewife prepared them a substantial meal, and herself became partaking of it.

Their work must have been swiftly done, for when the mother returned from the shed where the scanty supply of corn was stored, she stepped within only to discover her two children lying upon the floor with their throats cut, while the murderers were coolly continuing their repast.

Roused to desperation at the terrible sight, the mother sprung forward into the room and sought to secure a heavy fowling-piece that stood in one corner.

Before she had traveled half the distance the sharp report of Big Harpe's pistol rang out, and the poor woman fell, mortally wounded, beside the dead bodies of her children.

Two hours after, Leeper returned, and was met at the threshold by the ghastly sight.

The mother had yet enough of life remaining to describe the perpetrators of the bloody deed, and point out the way they had gone, and then fell back a corpse.

In five minutes the heartbroken settler was on the trail, gathering reinforcements here and there as he passed by or in the neighborhood of the scattered cabins, and having gotten some half-dozen together, pushed forward with a determination to overtake the murderers even if he pursued them to the Gulf. Toward sundown the pair were sighted ahead, and then the race for life commenced.

One of the settlers, better mounted than the others, forged ahead, and finally getting in range, sent ball through the thigh of the giant, unhorsing him just where another narrow road, or trail, crossed the one he was pursuing. Down this side path Little Harpe dashed, and, for the moment, escaped, leaving his brother to the tender mercy of the pursuers.

The villain begged hard for life, and was so engaged when Leeper rode up.

Dismounting, he deliberately approached, cocking his rifle as he advanced, and halted within ten feet of the now helpless villain.

Not a word was spoken, not gesture of interference made, as the terribly wronged husband and father slowly elevated the piece.

A moment later the sharp report broke the silence and the heavy ball went crashing through the enormous head of Big Harpe.

A consultation was held, and it was determined to mark and name the spot appropriately in commemoration of a just deed performed.

Leeper